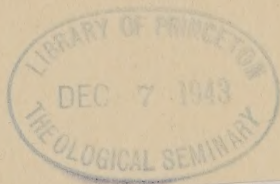


Katherine Neel Dale

JAMES G. DALE



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Katherine Neel Dale

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KATHERINE NEEL DALE, M.D.

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Katherine Neel Dale

Medical Missionary

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by JAMES G. DALE



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KATHERINE NEEL DALE

by JAMES G. DALE

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TO
MY TWO
KATHERINES,
NOW
ONCE MORE
TOGETHER

FOREWORD

I am well aware of the fact that in seeking to interpret the spirit and the life work of my beloved wife, I have been exposed to two very subtle dangers. I have been tempted to say too much or to say too little. For more than forty years she walked by my side and was so noble a spirit and so faithful a helpmeet that it has been easy to yield to the current of devotion and seek to make her as angelic as mortals can be. Strong has been the pressure to magnify her virtues and exaggerate the picture.

On the other hand, I have felt the danger of saying too little. Often while writing these pages, I have thought that if she could have foreseen what I was going to write of her, she would have held back my hand and pen. Modesty was one of her great virtues. She was hardly ever so nervous as when some speaker, in introducing her to an audience, talked of her beautiful life and far-reaching service for sick bodies and sick souls. Now that she is with the Lord and sees things in the white light that beats about the hilltop of glory, she knows that by the grace of God she was what she was, and would have me tell anything and everything that would lift Him up and make us see what He can do with a life wholly surrendered to Him.

An outstanding leader in the church which she loved so well has written to me, "Write an interpretation of her character and service out of the full and intimate knowledge which you have and without any embarrassment because of the intimate relation in which you stood to her. Let the re-

lation furnish the material but do not let it cramp you in the use of it. Be her husband in knowledge and sympathetic appreciation. Don't let her humility restrain you from telling us what would be for the glory of the Lord to tell. I know if she were sitting by your side, she would remonstrate against your telling this or that which might seem to hold her up for praise or admiration. The question is and it seems to be the only question, What will be for the glory of her Lord and ours."

"Paint me just as I am," said the iron-hearted Cromwell. "If you leave out one scar, I will not pay you a cent. Paint me just as I am."

I have earnestly sought to follow these words of counsel. I have tried to paint her exactly as I saw her. And I trust that I have steered clear of the "Scylla and Charybdis" that have placed dangers on right hand and left. A college professor has read the manuscript and has added, "You have not said a word too much. You have made her life so beautiful and her work so outstanding and yet we who knew her so intimately, feel that you have painted a picture true to her from every angle of vision. She deserved all you have said and more."

Hearty appreciation is extended hereby to the friends who have helped me in the preparation of the book. Very especially I would like to mention the Rev. R. C. Kennedy of Camden, Alabama, who has helped with most valuable criticism, Miss Clara Dale Echols who copied the manuscript, and Dr. S. B. L. Penrose and Mrs. Margaret Dale Penrose who have read the proof and handled the details of the publication for me. Most heartily I do appreciate the help of these and other friends. The book is sent out with the sincere prayer that in the life and service of this devoted servant of the Lord, we may all catch a larger vision

of Him Who is the One altogether lovely and at the same time learn how natural, happy, holy and serviceable may be the life hid with Christ in God as was hers. May her light so shine through these pages that we may see her good works and glorify our Father Who is in heaven.

J. G. DALE

Tamazunchale
San Luis Potosi'
Mexico.
December, 1942.

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Katherine Neel Dale

CHILDHOOD

DR. Katherine Neel Dale's ancestors were Scotch-Irish. That speaks for itself and tells a mighty story. It carries us back to the Bonnie Highlands of Scotland, to a race as rugged as the Rockies and as sweetly sensitive as the gentle breeze that stirs the bosom of the lake at sundown. The bloody Romans hurled their legions against these rugged individualists and the Saxon knights made ruthless war on them for ages but they stood like a stone wall against these invading armies. And through the succeeding ages wherever warm-hearted patriots have raised their cry for freedom, these Scotch worthies have ever been ready to join the ranks of the defenders of light and liberty. Dr. Katherine Neel Dale came from this race.

Her father, Dr. James D. Neel, was a man of strength and courage. Tradition, going back to the days of the Civil War of the sixties, tells of a political gathering held in the city of Abbeville, South Carolina. War sentiment was warm and was fast approaching the boiling point. The meeting had been called to discuss the questions of the hour. Dr. J. D. Neel was one of the speakers and he stoutly defended the principle of State Rights. He argued that each state had the inalienable right to settle its own affairs. And he was ready to defend this doctrine of political economy with sword and rifle. He was willing to shed blood to defend the dignity of his state. He returned home and reported to his family the discussion that waxed so warm

in the meeting at Abbeville. Dr. George W. Pressly, his father-in-law, listened very attentively to the report of the young orator, whose soul had been so deeply stirred. The former had weighed those far-reaching issues in the scales of eternal right more carefully than the young doctor had done and had a more experienced understanding of the trend of events. He counselled his son-in-law that he would do well to walk carefully at that hour of crisis. Dr. Neel thanked his father-in-law for his friendly advice, but like thousands and thousands of his comrades he felt that he was right and was ready for conscience's sake to go to the colors. He became a brave soldier, enduring great sacrifices for country's sake; and yet this same soldier, who shouldered his rifle and marched into storms of battle, had a heart as gentle as a mother's love.

After the war he became a country physician, the type of genuine country doctor of the long ago who nursed the sick and suffering for many miles around. There were no automobiles to speed the physician to the bedside of the sick. Nor were there paved roads that made it easy to visit his patients. His trips, often of ten and fifteen miles, were made on horseback and over roads and trails that led across brooks that had no bridges and through mud that was sticky and deep. Many of these trips were made at night. At times it was cold and stormy. It mattered little whether the trail led through water or through mud, whether it was raining or snowing, whether it was day or night, he was always ready to go when called. So faithful was he in his ministry to the suffering that the countryside for miles and miles around Troy, his village, looked to him as to a father in times of sickness. He was in truth a beloved physician. To the present day his memory is as ointment poured forth. He was as strong as steel and as tender as a mother's smile.

Dr. Katherine Neel Dale's mother was Mrs. Margaret Pressly Neel. She belonged to the Pressly family that came to America in 1733. The family first settled in Kingstree, South Carolina. One member of a large family, John Pressly, grandfather of Mrs. Margaret Pressly Neel, moved to Abbeville County in 1751. He became a pillar in the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church of Cedar Springs, South Carolina, which was organized in 1780.

The Presslys have a very large connection in the two Carolinas. Everywhere that name has been a synonym for that which is high and noble. To wear that name is a badge of honor. Many of the members of the family have entered political life and have been bulwarks of moral strength. More often than otherwise they have lived above the moral fog in public duty and private thinking. In the sphere of moral life, the Presslys have come to stand for godliness. Among those who have entered the gospel ministry of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church, many have come from this family and have been steadfast heralds of truth and righteousness. Many have been educators and have occupied places of honor and have rendered distinguished service. On the roll of those who have stood at the head of educational institutions and have filled chairs in schools, colleges and universities, a surprisingly large number have borne the name of Pressly.

Mrs. Margaret Pressly Neel lived up to the high standards which she inherited from her family. True to her family trait, she was a character of pronounced spiritual life. Quiet and unassuming, she had very strong convictions about the problems of life. The Bible was her constant companion, and her closest friends always thought of her as one who walked with God in daily life. Her home was given to hospitality, and ministers of the gospel especially were often her guests. Her ministry to the poor was like that

of Dorcas, though her right hand never knew what her left had done in the way of good works. Her religion was intensely practical and gave abundant evidence that she loved God and also her brother who might need a helping hand. Her good works have followed her.

Five children were born to Dr. and Mrs. Neel. The eldest, Mrs. Emma Kennedy, passed away at Cedar Springs, South Carolina, in 1939. Her daughter, Miss Mary Kennedy, labors in India as missionary of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church. The second daughter, Mrs. Belle Neel Bonner, wife of the Rev. O. Y. Bonner, pastor of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church at Due West, South Carolina, died in 1901. The only son, Dr. George Pressly Neel, was for many years a prominent physician at Greenwood, South Carolina. He died in 1939. Miss Lavinia Neel, for many years a missionary of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church in Mexico, laboring first at Ciudad del Maiz and later at Rio Verde and Tampico, departed this life in 1930. Dr. Katherine Neel Dale, the youngest, was born August 13, 1872.

The Neel home was one of the Antebellum South, located two miles from Troy, South Carolina. It was a two-story building, sitting in a large grove of shaggy oaks that gave quiet rest from the summer heat, an ideal place for a family picnic on a warm day of July or August. About the home were orchards that bore all kinds of fruits in abundance—apples, figs, peaches, plums. Close by was the watermelon patch, dear to the hearts of the colored people, which offered refreshment in the summer afternoon. To the rear stretched a large grove of pine trees, extending to the brook and pasture, where the cows and sheep could be seen grazing in the clover field or lying lazily by the running stream. Not far from the home was the old-fashioned cotton gin where four

horses pulled the levers and turned the wheels that ginned the cotton and prepared the bales for the market.

In the Neel home the outstanding day of the week was the Sabbath. It was a mark of disrespect to call it Sunday, the day of the sun god. That was pagan. They preferred to give the day its biblical name, calling it Sabbath. Early that morning the colored coachman led the two horses from the stable and made ready the coach that took the family to church, ten miles away. So conscientious were they in their church attendance that the coach made the trip fifty-two times each year unless something very exceptional happened. It was almost as fixed as sunrise and sunset. After breakfast the family with the colored servants gathered for morning family worship. A psalm was sung, a chapter from the Bible was read and prayer was offered. This act of worship was the program for seven days of each week, even in the life of the busy physician. They put first things first and always had time for worship, for they sought first the Kingdom of God. After family worship, all prepared the lesson for Sabbath School, which was held at the church at ten in the forenoon. At nine the coach set out for the church which was called Cedar Springs.

The church, which got its name from a large spring near a grove of cedars, was very old, having been organized in 1780. Several members had come from Ballobay, Ireland, and had settled in Abbeville County, South Carolina. The Rev. Thomas Clark came on horseback from Salem, New York, to take charge of the pastorate. Their first house of worship was built of simple logs and was erected two miles from the present site. They paid their pastor a salary of one hundred pounds, which was regarded as a liberal salary in those days.

Several times during the year the congregation celebrated the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and the occasions were

a great spiritual feast for the members of the church. The services, which centered about the sacrament, lasted five days. Thursday was a day of fasting. Friday was spent in the reception or rejection of those who had applied for membership. Saturday was a time of preparation for the solemn service. Each communicant had to apply to the session or board of elders for a "token" which admitted him to the sacramental table. Without this none could commune. This small metal plate, about the size of a twenty-five cent piece of United States money, was given to all the members whom the session regarded as "in good and regular standing" in the congregational life. Sabbath was the great day of the spiritual feast. All those presenting tokens sat about the sacramental table and received from the hands of the elders the bread and wine. Monday was a day of thanksgiving.

During Katherine Neel's early years, Dr. H. T. Sloan was pastor of the Cedar Springs congregation. The usual Sabbath morning service began at eleven o'clock. The sermon of the pastor generally was an hour long, the service closing about half past one. No clock hung on the walls of the building to notify the congregation that the minister was talking over time. And not infrequently those pastors gave their hearers sermons that were doctrinal and which, like some of the writings of Saint Paul, were "hard to be understood." After the morning service the entire congregation gathered in the grove where they served lunch in picnic style on tables that stood there from year to year. This lunch had been prepared on the previous day. All the members of the congregation and all strangers attending the service were invited to share the mid-day luncheon. These weekly feasts contributed much toward uniting the members of the congregation and promoting harmony and good will among them. At two in the afternoon the congregation gathered again in the church for the second service, which lasted about

as long as that of the forenoon. "From those old-fashioned pews have gone out upright, devout, consecrated men and women who loved the church, maintained her worship, and did noble service for God and their several generations." (Sallie Miller Brice)

Those faithful worshippers never became weary during the long services. The congregation was hungry for the Word of the Lord. They listened to these sermons, often dry and doctrinal, and were as attentive to such biblical discussions as are the boys and girls to movie programs that last for three hours. The day was far spent when the Neel family reached home on Sabbath afternoon. After the evening meal the family worship concluded the program for the Sabbath day.

And yet the home was not Puritanical. It was a social center, where the young people gathered in the evening for all manner of innocent amusements. About the yard and under the shade of the big oaks were always set the wickets for croquet, which was, in that generation, a favorite game. Off to one side was the tennis court. In the parlor of the home were indoor games. For genuine fun the Neel home was a magnet for the young people of the neighborhood.

Little Katherine's favorite sport was horseback riding. She rode without a saddle. It was for her great fun to ride with only a simple pad on the back of the horse and without a girth to hold the pad firm. That was the exciting part of the sport, to be able to sit on the back of the horse without the aid of stirrups or the horn of the saddle. In the afternoon she would ride to the pasture and drive the milk cows and the sheep through the pine grove to the home. She delighted to tell in after years how often the angry bull would chase her pony, and it was keenest fun for her to see how her horse could escape the horns of the vicious animal.

Little did she think what would have happened had she fallen from the horse on the horns of the bull.

Every day she would mount her pony and ride to the Troy post office to bring the mail for the family. Neighbors who lived on the road to Troy tell how often she would meet boys who challenged her to race with them on horseback. She would always accept their challenge and more often than otherwise her horse was the first to reach the goal. This love for horseback riding followed her through life. On the mission field she would ride fifteen miles over the mountains to see a sick patient who was too ill to come to her clinic. Even after she had passed her sixtieth milestone, she would make these same trips of ten and fifteen miles. She had a warm place in her heart for all animals. To see a drove of cattle pass the home en route to the slaughter pen would disturb her for hours. She was especially fond of horses and dogs. Her horse knew her voice and always came at her call. Her special pet was a German Police dog. And how her dogs loved her! When we left Rio Verde on account of the Revolution and boarded the train for Tampico, the children discovered that her dog, determined to follow her, had hidden under her seat on the train.

From childhood she loved the woods. With her friends she rambled through the pastures, visited the peach and plum orchards, spent hours in the shade of the trees by the brook, and waded in the cool water. And she never lost this love of nature. Nothing gave her keener joy in later years than to take her Indian girls with the family and go to the river in the evening, play games and cook the evening meal on the river banks. When we lived in Tampico, often she went to the beach in the evening; and for hours she would sit on the sand and watch the moon rise out of the ocean and make its way up the sky. The heavens declared to her the glory of God, and she saw the beauty of her Lord in the rugged

mountains, running brooks, blooming flowers and starry sky. With a genuine passion she loved flowers. When a tiny girl she brought baskets of wild flowers, peach and plum blossoms to the home.

Later in life, even when she was busy with her patients, she found time for her rose garden. Our home in Tama-zunchale was built on a hill to get the cool breeze. It was a horse pasture when we bought the hilltop, but she soon had planted roses, flamboyant and bougainvillea, which made her flower garden a thing of rare beauty. Tourist friends traveling to Mexico City and stopping to visit the Dale home always lingered long among her flowers. Now that she has gone to the heavenly Eden whose flowers never fade, we shall try to keep her flower garden as beautiful as when she left it.

The colored people on the Neel plantation loved little Katherine. She loved them and always had a kind word for them when they came about the home. She was usually kind to the servants. Friends tell how little Katherine would talk to the colored people about her Saviour, urge them to let Him into their hearts and prepare them for heaven. When she came from the mission field on furlough, they gathered at the house soon after her arrival to tell her how glad they were to see her home again. It was their way of giving her a warm welcome.

The Neel girls had a Sabbath School for the colored people. When ministers visited the home, the girls always took them to preach to the colored people in the nearby church. Mrs. Dale frequently told of a visiting minister who went to preach for the colored people. The preacher remembered that the besetting sin of many of the men of the colored race was to visit the chicken roosts of their neighbors, and he consequently took for his text that evening the eighth commandment. When he applied the commandment to chicken-stealing, from different parts of the audience came

cries of "Amen!" That was their approval of the message. The next morning at the breakfast table the minister told Mrs. Neel that if he might judge by the many expressions of approval of his message the preceding night at the church service, he was sure that she would not lose any of her chickens soon. Mrs. Neel advised the minister, the Rev. O. Y. Bonner, her son-in-law, that the night before she had lost several chickens. But this was exceptional. The large percentage of the colored people on the Neel plantation were devoted Christians. And undoubtedly this was due to the religious influences that went out from the Neel home, like rays of light. One of these great-souled colored men afterwards became a most devoted and efficient minister of the gospel.

YEARS OF STUDY

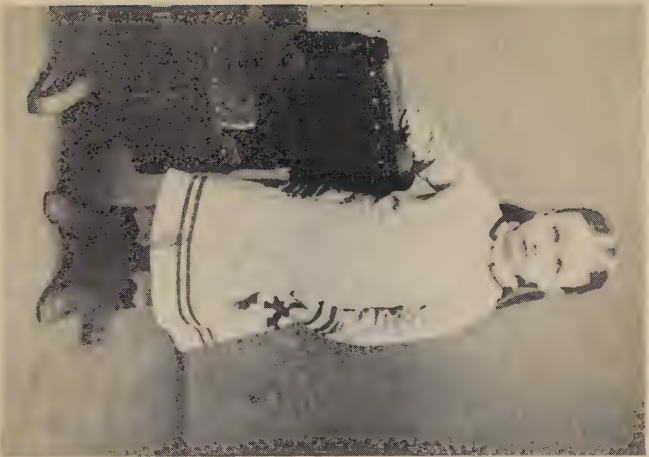
DR. KATHERINE NEEL DALE received her primary education in what was styled the old field school. This type of school was different in many respects from the modern school. Nowadays the school bus gathers up the boys and girls from homes fifteen and twenty miles around, and the children step from the bus into the schoolroom. It was far different fifty years ago. Those attending the old field school had to walk one, two and three miles each morning to school. Katherine Neel walked only one mile but the writer recalls that he, with three sisters and two brothers, walked two miles every morning. The road led through a dense woodland and across a deep brook fifteen feet wide. We crossed not on a bridge but on a log. It was not an uncommon thing for one of us to fall into the brook and walk out through the water.

Classes began at nine and closed at four in the afternoon. At noon the children ate their lunch, which they had brought in the morning and which by that time was cold and not very palatable. At four in the afternoon the boys and girls walked home, and many of them helped their parents with domestic duties about the home and farm. There were no motion pictures to call the boys and girls from their studies. While father read the papers and mother did her sewing, the children gathered about the large table lamp and prepared their lessons for the coming day.

These old field schools wrought tremendously in the formation of character of solid worth. The long hours of concentrated study, the sacrifice the children made to get to school, and their close contact with teachers were potent factors which contributed in a far-reaching way to the building up of strength — intellectual, physical and moral. The old field school, one and a half miles from Troy, which little Katherine attended, had not a little to do with the making of her character which later brought untold blessing to our suffering world.

Her first teacher was her oldest sister, Mrs. Emma Neel Kennedy. The spirit of this sister-teacher may be easily gathered from a single incident in her life. Two great sorrows came into her experience. Her little son, Neill Pressly, lived only a few years. Very soon her husband, Dr. L. N. Kennedy, followed, leaving her with her only child, Mary. Years later, the daughter heard the call of God to go to India as a missionary. Mary hesitated to go and leave her mother alone. Mrs. Kennedy, true to her outstanding trait of self-forgetfulness, insisted that her daughter should heed the call of God to labor in far-away India. And so insistent was the mother that Mary did take up missionary work on that field.

This sister-teacher was a woman of great moral strength. At the same time her strength was tempered with tender kindness. These qualities made her a splendid disciplinarian and supplemented to an unusual degree the training that little Katherine received in the Neel home. Those daily walks to school and return, two miles each day, furnished an opportunity for many wayside chats; and it is safe to believe that they had much to do with the moulding of the character of the little school girl in those formative days.



Kate Neel at the age of four



Miss Neel, when a student in college

Katherine was known as a fun-loving girl, yet conscientious and kind. The Rev. Mr. Craig, pastor of her home church at Troy during later years wrote of her school days. "Katie loved fun and was always ready for games at school. They played 'Steal Peg,' 'Andy-over,' 'Bull in the Pen,' 'Dare Base,' etc. And if any of the children were disposed to cheat in the games or win the game by unlawful means, Katie would always say, 'Mrs. Cheat never thrives.' On April Fool's Day she and Jennie Boyce were sent to the spring under the hill to bring a bucket of water for the children of the school. On their return from the spring they passed by a cabin where colored people lived. The children stopped at the cabin and got a handful of salt which they put into the bucket of water for the school. Nothing pleased Katie more than to have her girl friends spend the night with her in the Neel home. They would put on the dresses of the older sisters and parade through the house for hours. Dr. Neel had a skeleton in the attic, and it was great fun for the little girls to hold hands and tiptoe to the door of the room where the skeleton was, and peep in."

Her companions at school say that she delighted in writing love letters to one of the girls in the name of a boy. She pretended that the boy was desperately in love. When little Katherine and her friends had gotten fun out of the love letter, she would tell them the real author of the letter. On the first day of April, All Fools' Day, her friends were very careful to watch little Katherine, for she was sure to have her fun with them on that day in one way or another. She called them "tricks" and was never too old to enjoy them. When she had passed her sixtieth year, one day she met an old friend who was not much given to fun making. His temperament was of a serious kind. Mrs. Dale held in her hand what was supposed to be a camera. She asked him if he would not like for her to take his photograph.

"Most certainly," he replied, and began to arrange his cravat and hair, that he might have a photograph that would make him appear at his best. When he was ready, she snapped the camera and out sprang a snake. The mingled look of disappointment and chagrin on his face gave her many a hearty laugh.

Yet with all her innate love of fun, life was more than a joke. It was not a picnic. It was a stern reality. Even as a girl she saw multitudes falling under their heavy loads, hearts broken with sorrow, and problems that multiplied with the passing days and defied solution. Even as a school-girl she caught the vision that opened to her the chief objective in her life. Her school companions say that during her school days she was always recognized as a leader in every movement in the school that looked to the moral elevation of her companions. During those earliest years missionary fires were burning in her bones and she was praying and longing to go to the dark places of the earth to bear the gospel of light and life eternal. She was human, intensely human. She had found the secret of perennial joy. Joy was as natural for her as the cool water that flows from the hillside.

She matriculated as a sophomore in 1889 in the Due West Female College, located in Due West, South Carolina. She finished her course in 1892 and received the A. B. degree. Later her college changed its name to the Woman's College of Due West, and in 1927 was incorporated into the institution known as Erskine College.

Many who have gone deeply into the study of pedagogy say that the ideal plan for the education of a student is to have Mark Hopkins on one end of the log and the student on the other. In other words, the model educational training

for the student is, first, to have a competent instructor and, second, to have the student in close personal contact with the teacher.

Strikingly did the Alma Mater of Mrs. Dale meet these two fundamental tests. Like most of the denominational colleges of that day, the Due West Female College did not have much of the equipment that is nowadays held as essential for a standard school. It had neither palatial dormitories, nor spacious recitation rooms, nor up to date laboratories for scientific investigations, nor modern playgrounds. Nor did the college have millions for endowment to secure teachers who had taken post-graduate work in universities of foreign lands. But those denominational institutions had an equipment without which all other equipment is of little account. They met the first test of the ideal educational center. They looked first to the character of the instructors. They held that spiritual character is the Alpha and Omega of all culture worth while. The motto of these institutions was that of the sage of Old Testament times, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Spirituality outweighed anything else in the appraisal of eternal valuations. Yet, they did not think lightly of academic training. This had its place but not the first place. They argued that to develop mental faculties and leave the student a spiritual pigmy was but to develop a factor dynamically potential for satanic purposes. They measured their schools by spiritual plumb-lines. To carry out the program for their educational institutions, they believed that teachers should register one hundred per cent in point of spiritual qualifications. Mark Hopkins, sitting on one end of the log teaching their boys and girls, must be of all things a man of God.

And Dr. Dale's Alma Mater like other denominational schools could meet the second test. Her college could bring

the student in close personal touch with the teaching faculty. The number of students attending the Due West Female College was never large. Their numbers rarely exceeded one hundred and fifty. With classes of ten and twelve each the girls could gather about their instructors very much as the great Apostle Paul sat at the feet of the teacher Gamaliel. This personal touch gave the teachers ample opportunity to lead the students into the mysteries of science and above all, by precept and example, to train them in those deeper things of God. If "iron sharpeneth iron," as Solomon insists, and if the old adage is still true that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world, then the teachers in these small colleges had golden opportunities for the making of mothers who would have much to do with the shaping of the destiny of future generations.

The faculty of the Due West Female College was strong intellectually and spiritually. Dr. John I. Bonner, an Associate Reformed Presbyterian minister, founded the college in 1859. Gifted with a commanding personality, exceptional capacity for leadership, and exemplifying a high type of Christian life, he developed the college to such a standard of excellence that it was recognized as not inferior to any of the schools of higher learning in the Carolinas. He made his institution an educational center of dynamic force. His ambition was that the graduates would be like the symmetrical pillars of the world's greatest temple whose names were strength and beauty. At Dr. Bonner's death in 1881, his widow, Mrs. Lila Morse Bonner, succeeded him in the management of the college. It was while she was president that Katherine Neel attended the college. With Mrs. Bonner were associated teachers who had studied in the standard institutions of learning of the United States and were outstanding exponents of Christian living. Consequently the

girl who carried a diploma from the Due West Female College was recognized as exceptionally well equipped for high places in life, whether intellectual or social or moral.

Katherine Neel spent three years in Due West Female College. Those years became potent factors in the development of the life which has been a fountain of very great blessing to the sick and sorrowing. Dr. R. C. Grier, president of Erskine College, speaking of her life in relation to the college, said, "Reared in a Christian home where influences were strongly felt, she brought into the college an outlook and a point of view that did much to make those days full of meaning. It is also true that her contacts with strong characters that constituted the faculty were definitely significant in keeping alive and fostering her ambitions to live nobly and actively for the Lord."

It will be of interest to note the different branches included in the course of study for the several years while Katherine was a student in the college. During the first term of her senior year she studied Astronomy, English Literature, Evidences of Christianity, Latin, and the Bible. During the second term the studies were Trigonometry, English Literature, Mental Philosophy, Latin, French, German, and the Bible. The program of the college called for long hours and solid work. The faculty and students met in the college chapel at eight-thirty in the morning for religious services. With an intermission of an hour for lunch, the class work closed at five in the afternoon. This schedule ran for five days each week and for nine months. One week at Christmas was the only vacation until midsummer. Only twice during the entire scholastic year were the girls permitted to receive the young men for a social evening. Only young men who were closely related might call for a chat on other days. Even correspondence was not allowed.

Two literary societies, holding two sessions each week, added much to the efficiency of the college. The sessions lasted for two and three hours. Each student was required to present an original essay on alternate sessions of the year and take part in a debate each week. Miss Neel took an active part in these exercises of the literary societies. She and Miss Willie Kirkpatrick (Mrs. W. B. Lindsay) entered a contest for the medal for the best essays to be read before the societies during their junior year. So close was the contest that the committee of judges were not able to decide which young lady had presented the better essays, so they gave a gold medal to both contestants.

This same Mrs. W. B. Lindsay, one of her classmates, writing of the college days, says, "The members of the class of 1892 have enjoyed Kate's fellowship and have followed with great interest her medical missionary career, and we are profoundly grateful to God for those years of fruitful service. If the class roll were called again, the group would associate the name of Katherine Dale with three prominent traits: a joyous smile, a remarkable gift for making friends, and a genuine interest in the spiritual welfare of others. Her fun-loving spirit and her attractive personality bound her with hooks of steel to her college friends; they have continued to grip her wide circle of friends in this and other lands, and have won their loyalty to the church and the Lord."

Miss Estelle Thompson of Covington, Georgia, another classmate, writes of her: "Enthusiasm was one of the strongest points in her life. I do not think that Due West Female College ever had a more popular girl than Katherine Neel. She was full of fun and could play more tricks on her friends than any girl in the college, and yet she had her fun in such a way that no one took offense. In all her

contact with the students she had a great dominating purpose and desire to serve her Master. Of all the prayers that I can recall having heard while a student in the college, hers were the most earnest and appealing. She was a recognized leader in all the Christian work of the school. She was ever an optimist and a most devoted friend. On the altar of her heart was always burning a deep devotion to her Lord."

THE MISSIONARY CALL

AT THE age of twelve our Lord sat among the learned doctors of the law and told His mother that He should be about His Father's business. It seems clear that He had come to understand His divine mission to earth. There is no indication in the Word of God that He caught the vision during earlier years. The Apostle Paul wrote to his Galatian converts that God had called him at his birth to take the gospel to the Gentiles. But Luke tells us that Paul never heard that divine call till he was a full grown man on the road to Damascus. Katherine Neel heard the missionary call while yet a little girl. She said that she never knew the day when she did not want to be a missionary to the Regions Beyond. It came to her first as a still small voice, like the soft whisper that spoke to the prophet as he sat in the mouth of the cave at Horeb. That call became clearer and clearer to her until it rang in her ears like the echo of the village bell at eventide.

There were several influences at work in her life that gave clearness and strength to that call from God. It was not strange that little Katherine felt from her earliest years the missionary fires burning in her soul. She caught the contagion in her home. She often recalled that as a little girl she saw her saintly mother coming from a quiet room of the home each morning. It excited the interest of the child to know why mother went into that quiet room each day at the same hour and remained there so long. One day

she asked her mother why she went there every day. She pressed for an answer. The mother took her upon her knee and explained to her that each morning she went alone to be with Jesus. That was her hour of prayer. She prayed for the family, the church, the sick neighbors and the Kingdom of God.

That tryst which the mother kept with the Lord made a deep impression on the life of her daughter. She followed the mother's example and all through the years she too had her quiet time each day. The prayer life of that mother is the key which unlocks the chamber where are revealed two secrets. It explains the spiritual atmosphere that pervaded the family and made that home a Bethany where Jesus loved to dwell. Prayer is the thermometer that marks the spiritual condition of the individual or the family. Mrs. Neel's prayer life clearly tells why it was that two daughters went from that home to the mission field.

Her father was a most active Christian. Mrs. Dale's face always shone with a light that bespoke keen joy when she told of the devotion of her father to Christ and His church. He loved fervently the ordinances of the church and was very jealous that the budget should be sufficiently large so that the missionary work at home and abroad might go forward. She often told, too, how her father made his weekly visits to neighboring ministers whose income was scant and helped them in the way of clothing and provisions.

He would gather the family about the warm fireside during the winter evenings and read to them Baker's sermons, missionary stories, and the "Life and Work of Robert Murray McCheyne." To her last days she could recall truths from the sermons of McCheyne, that seraphic spirit whose ministry wrought so powerfully on his beloved Scotland. She could never speak of McCheyne without a marked hush in her voice.

This father and mother made a home the head of which was the Lord Jesus Christ. He was the axis around which revolved all the family activities. His Word was final in all the moral problems that arose in their relations one with another and with the outside world. From the altar of family devotions went up daily to God worship like the incense that went up from the altar of the tabernacle in the wilderness. Visitors coming into the family circle always felt the atmosphere that comes from the heavenly places in Christ. From such soil always spring plants of missionary zeal.

The Neel family was intensely spiritual and it followed naturally that foreign missions had a very warm place in their hearts. This missionary spirit can be traced back to the preceding generation. As early as 1846 the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church took steps to establish a mission in Liberia, West Africa. To prepare workers for that field it was thought wise to open a school in Kentucky for the training of young Negro boys who should afterwards take the gospel to Liberia. Dr. George W. Pressly, Katherine Neel's grandfather, was among the first to offer to place a colored boy in the school that he might take the gospel to that far-away land of spiritual darkness. Missionary blood was flowing through his heart and life. That same blood flowed in the veins of his two granddaughters who afterwards went as missionaries to Mexico.

The library of the Neel home had on its shelves many volumes of missionary literature. Little Katherine read these books with keen interest. She was especially fond of missionary biography. The life of Mrs. Judson charmed her and threw over her life a magic spell that never lost its power. This gifted missionary pictured in colors most striking and appealing the lives of those among whom she labored. Theirs was a life so dark, so helpless, so hopeless, and so full of suffering. She told how the coming of Christ

into those lives of sorrow had changed those sighs to singing, tears to triumph. He had brought the abundant life of peace, power and satisfaction. Mrs. Judson added, however, that there were few who were willing to go and tell these people the Good News. Such biographies stirred in little Katherine's heart a desire to go likewise and tell of the great Shepherd.

The preceding pages tell of Katherine Neel's matriculation in the Due West Female College. The college honored foreign missions. The curriculum and all the activities of the school tended to lead students to follow in the footsteps of the Lord who was the world's first and greatest missionary. The daily Bible class, the devotional exercises each morning, the quiet hour among the students, the gospel triweekly services in the village church, the annual revival meetings, the Christian lives of the instructors, and the wholesome spiritual atmosphere about the educational center — all contributed to the clarifying of the moral atmosphere for students and the strengthening of their spiritual faculties for hearing the call of God to service. These vital and vitalizing forces did much to crystallize her purpose to give her life to service on the foreign field.

Very soon after Miss Katherine Neel entered college, she formed a close friendship with Miss Mildred Watkins, who at that time occupied the chair of English Literature. Miss Watkins excelled in her department. She knew Shakespeare, Chaucer, Milton, Tennyson and other classic authors, but better than all she had a personal acquaintance with Jesus Christ. She had fellowship with Him and she had caught the vision of the evangelization of the world. She was a true missionary enthusiast. She had volunteered early in life; but because of physical infirmity and because her aged mother was left in her care, she had not been able to go to the foreign field. Years later when her mother died, Miss

Watkins went to China as a teacher in a private family that she might reach the Chinese for the Lord. She had an intense spirituality and along with that a very winsome personality which she used to draw girls to Christ. They sought the Christ whom they had seen in her life. Wherever she was, whether in her room, in the college, or on the campus, she always had a group of girls about her, entertaining them with interesting bits of history or literature or missionary stories, but most often with helpful counsel for the Christian life. She took Katherine into the inner circle of her love and fellowship. For three years Miss Neel was under the molding influence of Miss Watkins. She caught a large vision of the World's Greatest Missionary. She felt in her heart His master passion to save the suffering and sinning of all lands.

In 1890 three theological students, one of them the Rev. J. R. Edwards, D. D., now of Monticello, Arkansas, met statedly to pray for a spiritual awakening in the two colleges of Due West, South Carolina. They prayed for months and God answered with a shower of blessing. It came as suddenly as the fire and wind of Pentecost which so mightily stirred the early church. One Sabbath evening while the students of the male college were holding their weekly service in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, one of the students known to be atheistic in his beliefs, and godless in life, asked if he might lead in prayer. He uttered a few words and began to weep so bitterly that he had to take his seat without finishing. Another student of the same character arose and attempted to pray, but he too was so overcome with emotion that he could only utter a few sentences which were a bitter confession of sin. Another and another sought the opportunity to pray but could only weep. A spirit of penitence like a mighty wave swept over the student body. So marked was the presence of the Holy

Spirit that it was decided to continue the service each day of the following week in the same hall. Dr. J. S. Moffatt, pastor of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church of Chester, South Carolina, was invited to come and direct the service which was transferred to the village church. The faculty and students of the Female College were invited to join in the union meetings. The movement grew in spiritual momentum, and before the close of the week every student in both institutions had been brought into the fold of Christ. At the close of the week Dr. Moffatt had to return to his pastorate but Dr. W. W. Orr, the synodical evangelist, came and conducted the closing service of the series, which was a consecration service. In his message he brought to the students of both colleges a vision of the white harvest fields waiting for the gospel reapers to go and gather the harvest which for so long had been ripe and ready. He called for volunteers for the world evangelization. About fifty young men and women came forward and gave their lives to the Lord for service at home or on the foreign mission field, wherever the Lord should lead. The closing service was the climax of the series in which the Holy Spirit had manifested His power in a marvelous manner.

For Miss Katherine Neel the clock was striking twelve. God had been calling her. The spiritual atmosphere of her home had created in her heart a deep longing to go to the foreign field. That ambition had gathered momentum in the halls of the college where the spirit and life of the Master Missionary had been lifted up by word and deed. Miss Watkins had helped to bring her in touch with Him who would have all men to be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth. Now the Pentecostal wind which had swept over that student body had fanned to a flame the missionary zeal that had been burning in the heart of Miss Neel, and she laid her all — body, soul, and spirit — on the altar of for-

eign mission service. Clearly and more clearly through the years she had been hearing the call, "Whom shall we send and who will go for us?" She now answered once and for all, "Here am I, send me."

If we may judge by the earnestness that marked her missionary service through the subsequent years, we may well believe that her pledge that night in the village church was somewhat like that of David Brainard, "Here am I, Lord, send me. Send me to the ends of the earth. Send me to the rough savage pagans of the wilderness. Send me away from all that is called comfort in the earth. Send me to death itself, if it be in Thy service and for Thy glory."

PREPARATION FOR MISSION WORK

AT THIS point there arose for Katherine Neel a problem that was fundamental and far-reaching, and it was a question that called for an answer before she could go to the mission field. Students of missions had discovered that foreign missionary operations reach their highest point of efficiency when they travel along three avenues of evangelization. These are educational, evangelistic, and medical missions. It was self-evident to our young missionary volunteer that she should select one of these three departments of missionary activity before leaving for her field that she might prepare herself for making her life count for the most efficient service.

It was a knotty problem. All three branches of missionary service were calling for volunteers. She thought of the school as a missionary agency, and its appeal was strong and challenging. Evangelical schools are veritable forerunners of the gospel. Ignorance is never a fertile soil for gospel plants. They are quickly choked by the thorns of superstition and fanaticism. The Bible is one of the textbooks of the schools, and children learn a reason for the hope that is in them. Not only so, but the teacher and children become warm friends; and the evangelical teacher, through the children, gains entrance into non-Christian homes where she may make the gospel and Christ known to fathers and mothers. School work had for Miss Neel an added appeal

in that her sister, Miss Lavinia Neel, had been appointed to take charge of the evangelical school at Ciudad del Maiz, S. L. P., Mexico. How delightful it would be for the two sisters to work together in the schoolroom!

Evangelistic missions, too, were calling for helpers. With Bible and tracts they could take Christ into the homes and win the mothers and children for the Lord. To them was open a great and effectual door of opportunity. Missionary pastors were preaching the gospel three times each week, while the Bible women were touching women, children, and fathers in the homes seven days of the week. In the Far East and Latin America social conditions gave the lady missionary an entrance into homes from which other missionaries are barred. For Miss Neel this would be a most fruitful field for missionary service.

But medical missions appealed to her like a trumpet call. She had read in missionary literature of the intense suffering of the sick, living in the shadows of paganism. "Murdered Millions" and other books had told of surgical operations made in far inland China, by native so-called doctors, when the limb was dipped into boiling tar to check the hemorrhage. She had read of the witch doctors of inland Africa. They diagnosed diseases not as a product of bacteria but rather as due to the presence of evil spirits in the body. Hence their treatment was to beat the patients with bamboo poles to drive the evil spirits out of the sick body. For patients suffering from high fevers so prevalent in tropical lands, they would strip them of their clothes and place them out in the hot sun to bake out the evil spirits.

Recitals of such suffering touched Miss Neel very deeply. All suffering affected her. A cow lowing for thirst or a dog howling for loneliness kept her from sleep at night. Much more did human suffering touch her keenly. Slowly but steadily from the days of early childhood was born in her



Medical School Classmates
Left to right: Lucia Anna Wheeler, Sylvia Parsons
Blake, Mary Irvin Thompson, Louise von Donhoff
Bergmann, Katherine Neel, Ellen James Patterson



The Neel Sisters, Katherine and Lavinia

heart the thought that she could do something to help these sufferers. As a tiny girl she had followed her father into his drug room and had seen him compounding medicines. True to her inquisitive nature she always had a question as to why this or that was done. He told her that he was going to make the sick people well. His medicines would relieve them of their suffering and lift them from their beds of pain and make them strong. She thought, "If father can do this for the sick here, why can not I do the same for the suffering in other lands?"

Then medical missions appealed to her also from another angle. Books on missions which she had found in the library of the Neel home told how medical missionaries had gone to the savage tribes of the Congo, so inhuman that they made their festivals more merry by feasting on human bodies. With their medicines, the missionaries had gone among these uncivilized people and with opiates had deadened pain and performed operations which the natives called miracles. These newcomers were hailed as messengers from the gods, and everywhere the people opened their homes and hearts to receive the missionaries' message. Medical missionaries had gone to Inland China, even to the borders of Tibet, where foreigners had never ventured; and with modern surgical instruments, chloroform, and ether, had made war on pain and suffering. They wrought such cures that the barriers of superstition and fanaticism were broken down and the gospel had a hearing. Kings called medical missionaries to their palaces to heal the sick; and because of marvelous cures, edicts were issued that gave the missionaries passports to all their lands. Mrs. Dale often confessed that these two considerations had made her a medical missionary — namely, the power it would give her to relieve pain, and the tremendous leverage that medicine could give the work of foreign missions. These two factors, together with her natural love

for the art of medicine, led her to become a medical missionary.

The study of medicine called for not a little courage. False standards, dominant in many parts of the country, held that medicine was not the proper sphere for women. It was not alleged that woman does not have the mental capacity for scientific investigation. Rather it was held that the home offers woman her highest sphere of usefulness and that she should not step down to the lower level of the practice of medicine. Dr. Martha Tracy, Dean of the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia, in her address, "A Retrospect," delivered at the seventy-fifth anniversary of the school in 1925, said: "The attitude of the profession at large toward the training of women in medicine was such that it was well nigh impossible to secure good men for the faculty. As late as 1859, the Philadelphia County Medical Association passed resolutions of excommunication against every physician who was graduated from the Woman's Medical College and everybody else who should consult with the faculty. Dr. Hannah Longshorke was a graduate of the first class and was the first woman to hang out her shingle in Philadelphia. It was a great curiosity, and the street loungers gathered about it in large numbers. Druggists refused to fill her prescriptions, and one took it upon himself to order her home to look after her house and darn the stockings of her husband."

Miss Neel with several other students of the Woman's Medical College attended certain classes in another medical school located in the same city. The girls were frequently hissed by the male medical students. Many years later Dr. Dale's daughter studied medicine at one of the leading universities of the South, and not infrequently she heard, on the campus, deprecatory remarks made about ladies studying medicine. It should be stated in all fairness that the professors in both of the universities referred to treated the girl

students with all due respect and were always ready to help them in their studies. Some of the students felt that the girls had stepped out of their proper sphere, and the attitude of these boys reflected public opinion in many quarters of the land at that time.

It should not be forgotten that medical missions at that time were for women a pioneer field of service. Many men had gone to the dark corners of the world with their medicine chests and surgical instruments and had been worthy forerunners of the gospel messengers, but not many women had volunteered. Dr. Shattuck had graduated from the Woman's Medical College in 1854 with the thought of taking up the work of medical missions on the foreign field. After five years of hospital service she applied to a certain Board, according to Dr. Martha Tracy, dean of the school, and the board declined to send her out because she was not married. It was not until 1869 that Dr. Clara Swain went out as the first woman medical missionary. Miss Neel felt that if there was a call for men to take medicine to the foreign mission field, there was an added appeal for women to go in that same capacity. Social conditions in vogue in Latin America and many lands of the Far East, opened to a lady medical missionary doors that are closed absolutely to men. Fully assured that God had called her to this special branch of foreign mission work, Miss Neel took up the study of medicine in September, 1893, matriculating in the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia.

This institution was the first in the world organized for the medical education of women. It was incorporated as the Female Medical College of Pennsylvania on March 11, 1850. The name was changed in 1867 to that which it now bears. The college began its first session on October 12, 1850, with forty students and a faculty of six, all of whom were men. Dr. Anna Preston was the first woman to have a place on the

faculty, receiving the appointment in 1867. At that time she was made Dean of the school. A bequest from the Isaac Barton estate enabled the school to erect in 1875 the College Building at Twenty-First Street and North College Avenue. In 1925 at the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the college, the Corporation initiated a movement to erect new buildings on a site of ten acres at Henry Avenue and Abbottsford Road; and on September 15, 1930, the College and hospital were transferred to their large and spacious quarters. Dr. Margaret D. Craighead is dean at present.

"The Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania has drawn its students from almost every state in the Union and from many foreign countries. It has sent over nineteen hundred students abroad over the world. More than one hundred and fifty of these have found their way to the foreign mission field. The college is now the only medical school in the United States exclusively for women. Its aim has always been to provide a medical education that will qualify its students particularly well for the fields of activity in which the majority of women physicians are found to engage; and it is believed that from the record of the alumnae, its aim is being fully realized." (Bulletin for 1942.)

Of the members of the faculty, Dr. Anna E. Broomal was best remembered by Dr. Dale. Dr. Martha Tracy, a former dean, has this to say of Dr. Broomal: "There never has been in the history of the school a more brilliant teacher of obstetrics, one whose methods were far ahead of her time and are now recognized as standard. She was Professor of Obstetrics from 1878 until 1903 and has left her indelible impression on all the students trained under her." Dr. Broomal must have been a genius, to judge by the remarkable success that Dr. Dale had in her obstetrical practice in after years. The latter often remarked that she could count on the fingers of one hand the cases that she had lost during the

forty years of practice in that department of her medical missionary work.

Dr. Katherine Neel finished her course of study in medicine in 1897. She was at once appointed interne in the hospital of the same institution. During the summer months she had worked in the hospitals of New York for the experience as trained nurse and social worker.

While Miss Neel was a student in the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia, Providence brought her in touch with Dr. J. R. Miller of that city. At that time Dr. Miller was editor of the Sabbath School literature of the Presbyterian Church (U. S. A.) and the pastor of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia. He wrote many devotional books, all of which breathe the atmosphere of the heavenly places in Christ. Like Enoch he walked with God. He lived the separated life in the pulpit, on the street, and in the home. With all his native gifts and attainments in the divine life, he was most approachable. His magnetic personality, filled with the Spirit of Christ, drew to his side hearts that were seeking spiritual help. He had a rare combination of discernment, tact, and kindness which enabled him to help troubled lives over many rocky roads of the Pilgrim's Progress.

During the five years of Miss Neel's student life in the medical college, Dr. Miller was her spiritual father. He encouraged her to come to him with the knotty problems of the Christian life. And he taught her many of the deeper secrets of the life that is "filled unto all the fullness of God." Many of the lessons in the school of prayer which enabled her to draw near to the mercy seat and lay hold of the Divine arm in testing days on the mission field, were learned at the feet of this man of God. She could never talk of his helpful fellowship even two score years later that there did not gather in her face a light of love and a tear in her eyes. Now

that both have crossed the bar, it is sweet to think of them sitting by the river that flows by the throne of God and in that garden more beautiful than Eden. They will relive those days of fellowship. Once they saw life and its realities through a glass darkly but now they know as they are known. The darkness that once enveloped spiritual problems has given way to fullness of light. They have seen Him face to face, and she will bless the Lord for His kind and helpful ministry through His servant in the city of brotherly love during her years of study in the medical college.

The Student Volunteer Movement held one of its missionary conventions in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1897. It was a gathering of thousands of student volunteers from all parts of the earth. They had come together to study the evangelization of the world, a task which the Lord has laid on the shoulders of the church of this generation. The meeting was like an upper room of Pentecostal power. It was under the direction of such missionary leaders as Dr. John R. Mott, R. E. Speer, A. J. Gordon, A. T. Pearson, Bishop Thoburn, Hudson Taylor, Miss Geraldine Guinness. Messrs. Wilder and Brockman were the field secretaries who visited the colleges of the world to rally the students to this mighty crusade of world-wide evangelization, and the students were meeting the stirring challenge of the hour.

The Holy Spirit came upon that convention at Cleveland with remarkable manifestation. The writer was there and can testify that a great wave of missionary fervor gripped the body of five thousand students. It stirred Dr. Neel. Often she has talked of that hour when there came over her heart a penetrating sense of her responsibility to the non-Christian world.

The hour of missionary conviction was at hand. Miss Geraldine Guinness of China and Dr. Speer of New York were pleading for a forward movement that would take the

gospel to all the world in our generation. They insisted that "The Lord had done His part to save the world. He had died for the sins of the whole world. He had gone to Heaven and sent His Holy Spirit to furnish all the equipment needed to evangelize the world. Now the completion of the task rests on the shoulders of believers. It calls for a surrendered life, apostolic faith, apostolic heroism, and apostolic sacrifice. Believers can evangelize the world if they will. Christ is ready. The Holy Spirit is ready. Are we ready?"

Dr. Speer suggested that we have done with singing

*"When the weary seeks a home
All his toils to end,
When the hungry craveth food
And the poor a friend;
Hear Thou in love, oh, Lord, their cry,
In Heaven Thy dwelling place on high."*

Did He not hear their cry when He left heaven's glory and died on the cross for the sins of the world? He has heard that cry and done His part. The perishing world looks now to you and to me. Rather let us sing:

*"Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to man benighted
The Lamp of Life deny?"*

It was a clarion call for volunteers to go and shoulder the responsibility and evangelize the world.

The messages stirred the students most deeply. They stirred the heart of Dr. Neel. If she had ever had a question as to her call to foreign missionary service, it vanished at Cleveland. The Spirit of God lifted her and us all high above the mist of doubt, gave her once and for all time that telescopic vision of the need, and opened her ears to the

clarion voice of the Lord that made her then and evermore
a foreign missionary.

*"I ask no heaven till earth be thine
Nor glory crown while work of mine remaineth here;
When earth shall shine among the stars.
Her sins wiped out, her captives free,
Her voice a music unto Thee,
For crown new work give Thou to me —
Lord, here am I."*

ANON.

"WHICH MISSION FIELD?"

THE angel said to Philip, "Arise and go to the South to the road that goes to Gaza." And he went, not knowing just how far he was to go nor for what purpose. Later he met the Eunuch from Ethiopia and then, and not until then, did he fully understand the object of his mission. The Lord guided His servant step by step.

Light came to Dr. Neel in the same way. She closed her college career in 1892, firmly convinced that God had called her to foreign mission work. Up to that time the divine finger had not pointed the way to preparation for any particular department of missions. Then light shone on her path, leading to the study of medicine in the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia. Her training had now been finished. She was ready to go to the foreign field. But where should she go? She waited for light.

Many lands had opened their doors and foreign mission boards were calling for volunteers to take the Gospel to these lands. China was calling for gospel heralds. That land had once built a high wall two thousand miles long to exclude all foreigners. Later the Boxer storm of hatred swept over the walled kingdom and hundreds of foreigners fell victims to that spirit of hate. Now China offered ample guarantees to foreign missionaries. And the harvest fields were white, waiting for reapers. Thousands of cities were without a single missionary or a single Christian. Dr. Neel

received an invitation from a mission board to take up work in a mission hospital in Shanghai, China.

India was calling and her need was very great. Her millions were perhaps the most religious people in the world, yet an eminent student of missions, Dr. R. E. Speer, said at Northfield, Massachusetts, that he had visited Benares, the most religious city of all India, and found it the foulest and most obscene place he had seen in the world. He said that Mohammedanism had gone to India with the Koran and had given them a "dead god clothed in a shroud, sitting back of the wheel of human destiny, and all that a man could do was to bow down like a dead man to a dead god." That land of superstition, fatalism and idolatry was waiting for spiritual light. Several classmates of Dr. Neel's were going to India as medical missionaries and they urged her to hear the Macedonian call to that land.

Latin America was the neglected continent. Rome had substituted Mary as mediator for Christ, and the Christless lives of the faithful devotees of that apostate church were vocal with the cry of Mary in the garden of Jerusalem, "They have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid Him."

With these cries coming from so many lands, could she distinguish the calling voice of the Lord telling her where to go?

The first indication of the divine will for her was the fact that the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church, of which she was a member, the church of her fathers, was operating foreign mission work in Mexico. Her sister was a member of that mission and was in charge of the evangelical school in Ciudad del Maiz. Too, the call from Mexico was to her a challenge. Fully a half century before her graduation from the medical college, Protestant missions had entered

Mexico (1847) and churches had been established in many of the large cities of the Republic. Still, there "remained much land to be possessed." The masses had not been touched. Not one out of a hundred had been reached for the Lord. And if our next-door neighbor had such urgent need of the gospel of salvation, why cross the seas to other lands farther away? The Lord of the harvest had given His program to His disciples; "Ye shall receive the power of the Holy Spirit coming upon you and ye shall be witnesses unto me in Jerusalem and in Judea and Samaria and unto the uttermost parts of the earth" (Acts 1:8). But the gospel was to begin at Jerusalem and spread throughout Judea. The program called for the evangelization of Samaria before missionaries crossed the oceans to other lands. Dr. Neel felt that Home Missions that labored for the evangelization of our own land were in accord with the divine plan and that Mexico and Latin America were Samaria. They had a second claim on us before reaching out to evangelize the uttermost parts of the earth. For this reason Mexico had for her an appeal of trumpet tongue.

Furthermore, the United States owed a debt to the land beyond the Rio Grande. We had made commercial contracts with them. Our mining engineers had gone into their mountains and had dug out silver and gold. From one mine at Guanajuato alone, we had taken one-sixth of the world's output of silver up to that time. We had bored into their soil and had pumped out quantities of oil that were incredibly great. Wells were drilled that produced a hundred thousand barrels daily. Boats had brought from the east coast of Mexico tons and tons of fruit to our markets. We had built trunk lines of railroads for them and had laid a network of telegraph lines through the land.

But looking from the higher plane of vision, what return had we made to them? What had we done to give them the

gospel of salvation whose moral valuation far exceeds the worth of commercial pacts, railroad and telegraph lines and the gains of trade in silver and gold? We had helped our Mexican brother socially, mentally, economically, and financially, but what about those higher things of spiritual value?

The Macedonian call from Mexico was so unmistakably clear to Dr. Neel that she accepted the appointment of her board and made ready to sail for the Mexican mission field. Her sister, Miss Lavinia Neel, had been at home on furlough and was at that time returning to her work at Ciudad del Maiz, San Luis Potosi, Mexico. It was decided that the two sisters should return together.

A farewell service was held for the two outgoing missionaries in their home congregation at Troy, South Carolina. A friend who attended that service has written: "On a Sabbath afternoon late in November, 1898, a large crowd gathered in the Troy Associate Reformed Presbyterian church to bid farewell to the two girls of the Neel family who were to leave for their mission field the following Tuesday. Dr. Katherine Neel was going out for the first time, while her sister Miss Lavinia was returning after her furlough. The parents came in a phaeton drawn by two white horses, followed by Dr. Katherine Neel and her sister Lavinia, who came in a buggy. After the Neel family had taken their place in the church, Dr. T. W. Sloan, who was then pastor of the Troy congregation, introduced Dr. D. G. Phillips, who was the first speaker. He spoke of the dignity of the missionary enterprise. Dr. Phillips was at that time pastor of the Cedar Springs and Bradley congregations in the same county. Miss Martha Reagen spoke as representative of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Troy church. She described, in touching and beautiful words, the glory of the work to which the two missionaries had given their lives.

The two Neel girls stood in front of the pulpit while the congregation came, one by one, to tell them goodbye. It was for us all a most tender and touching scene to see those tall, beautiful, gifted girls in the morning of their lives, giving themselves wholly to the great cause of foreign missions, to go to a foreign land and bear witness to Christ and His great gospel. The farewell service was concluded with a prayer by the pastor who commended the two missionaries to the love and keeping power of the Father God who had given His Son to become the world's greatest Missionary. We all left the service feeling that only eternity will reveal the great blessings that will come to the world through the ministry of these consecrated followers of the Lord."

The two sisters took passage on a Ward Line steamer from New York to Vera Cruz, Mexico, by way of Havana, Cuba, and Progreso, Yucatan (1898). It was a voyage of about eight days. Neither of the two missionaries was a good sailor. They enjoyed their first meal on the steamer and that was the last they had in that dining room. During the two or three days of the stay in Havana, they went ashore and got a rest from seasickness. The jolly captain told them when they left the ship at the Mexican port that while he was sorry that they could not enjoy the splendid table fare of his steamer, he liked to carry such passengers as they, for it was quite economical.

They landed at Vera Cruz, the largest port on the Gulf Coast of Mexico. Several days were spent there sight-seeing. The region about Vera Cruz is very rich in legendary lore. It was somewhere on this coast that Quetzalcoatl set sail for the distant land of the West. According to Aztec legends, he was a mighty prophet who lived long before the Spaniards came to Mexico. He gave Lew Wallace the background for his *Fair God*. This silver-tongued prophet

launched a crusade against the savage sacrifice of human beings on the altar of their war god, Huitzilipochtli. He hurled his anathemas against the bloody butchery of prisoners of war in the name of religion and to satisfy the whims of the bloodthirsty gods. He traveled far and wide preaching against this relic of barbarism. The priests of Tescatlipoca, another of the Aztec gods, called the worshippers of the war god to arms and they drove Quetzalcoatl from the land. He fled to the coast and (the legends say) embarked on a raft of snakes and sailed away to an unknown country. He told the persecutors that he was going to a far away land of whites and would return one day to avenge his wrongs. Centuries later when Cortez and his Spaniard followers landed at Vera Cruz, the Aztecs thought that the winged serpent god, Quetzalcoatl, had returned with his avengers and heralds of a new faith that hated bloody sacrifices. This accounts for the success of the Spaniards in the conquest of Mexico. Cortez brought a few hundred soldiers and in a very short time conquered the three million Aztecs.

The guides at Vera Cruz had much to say about Cortez. They told how, when he learned that the Aztecs had large quantities of gold which they had buried in the ground for safe keeping, he burned their feet to make them tell where they had hid their treasures. The Spanish leader was a strange enigma. He championed the Roman Catholic faith. He carried its missionaries in the wake of his army. For its sake he demolished Aztec *teocallies* (temples) and compelled the poor Indians to build churches of the new faith, and that without any pay. By force of arms he rounded up the Indians as the cowboys gather cattle in the pen, and the Catholic priests baptized them by the thousands. Yet this man Cortez slew Indians by the thousands and burned their villages, simply to strike terror in their hearts. And his private life was notoriously unclean. Yet he did have the cour-

age of a lion. He landed his handful of soldiers to conquer three million Indians and burned all his ships behind him. They must conquer or be butchered. There would be no escape for them.

The ride from the Gulf to the capital of Mexico took the two girls to an elevation of eight thousand feet. The climb up the mountain affords scenery that is hardly surpassed anywhere on the American continent. Almost all day the trains wind around the sharp curves and through the coffee fields that cover the mountain sides. Those mountain slopes have the richest coffee fields of Mexico; and in quality they rival the best coffee lands of Brazil. The plants grow only when all other underbrush has been cut away and the large trees are left to shade the coffee. The plants are rarely larger than an average peach tree. The flower, though small, is as white as the lily and its aroma is as sweet as the orange blossom.

The train passes near two peaks, Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl. The former means in the Aztec tongue "The Smoking Mountain," while the second is the "Woman in White." The former rises 17,887 feet above sea level. It is snow-capped all the year, and both are indescribably beautiful. Little wonder that the Aztecs made these two mountains the centers of innumerable legends.

Near to Mexico City and not far from the railroad are two pyramids, which are the largest of the wonders of the Aztec times. The larger, dedicated to the worship of the sun, is the second largest in the world. Only the Cheops of Egypt is larger. The former's base covers eleven acres of ground. It is 230 feet high and its apex is 100 feet square, affording ample space for hundreds of worshippers to gather for religious festivals. Nearby is the smaller pyramid dedicated to the worship of the moon. Thousands of smaller

pyramids are found in many parts of the country. They were the meeting places for worshippers and correspond to our churches.

This ride of twelve hours from the Gulf to the capital made an impression on Dr. Dale's mind that remained for scores and scores of years. She often told how she and her sister spent almost the entire twelve hours on the platform of the car watching the wonderful sights of the natural world as well as the monuments of antiquity.

Mexico City was a place of keenest interest. Very specially was this true of the sites of religious significance. They visited the large Cathedral facing the Zócalo, the public square in the heart of the capital. It was built on the exact site of the ancient *teocalli* dedicated to the worship of Huitzilipochtli, the war god of the Aztecs. It was a very large place of worship. Historians say that five thousand priests took part in the religious services of the temple. Inside the court were ninety-six other smaller temples. All the services centered in the large altar on which human beings were sacrificed. Four priests stretched the victim on the altar while a fifth cut out his heart and laid it at the feet of Huitzilipochtli. Prescott tells that twenty thousand prisoners of war were slain at the dedication of the *teocalli*.

They visited also the Villa de Guadalupe, which is situated about two miles to the north of the center of the city. There they saw the shrine of the patron saint of all Mexico, the Virgin Mary, mother of Jesus. The guides recited to them the legend how four hundred years ago Mary appeared to an Indian named Juan Diego on that hilltop and told him to tell the bishop to build to her honor on that mountain, Tepeyac, a magnificent temple. When the Indian reached the presence of the bishop, he found photographed on the blanket that he carried a life-size image of Mary. The cathedral was

built and that same likeness of the Virgin (?) still hangs in the high place of honor. That shrine has become the Mecca of all Mexican Catholics. Dr. Neel found later that a miniature copy of this photograph is worshipped in all the homes of faithful Romanists of Mexico.

At the foot of the hill Tepeyac, the guides showed them the spring whose waters first bubbled up from the earth when the foot of the Virgin touched the ground. They saw multitudes taking to distant parts of the country bottles of that water, having been taught that the water would make them holy.

Dr. Dale confessed in later years that her visit to these two places of historic interest, the Zocalo and Villa Guadalupe, impressed her most deeply. Her experience through years led her to trace between these two shrines a very striking relationship. She had seen the very spot where the Aztecs worshipped their war god Huitzilipochtli, and the sacred altar of the *teocalli* where they sacrificed human beings. This blood shedding undoubtedly was done to appease their angry god and take away their guilt. They were seeking God. Then she looked on the shrine of Mary, the mother of Jesus. She remembered that centuries ago the Spaniards came to the Aztec land with their Romish faith. The iconoclasts demolished all the Aztec temples, burned their gods and tore down their shrines. They told the Aztecs that they had come with a new religion that would lead them to the light and life of God. And what had that so-called new faith given the devout Aztec worshipper? He was taught that God has given to Jesus Christ the administration of justice and punishment of the wicked and has resigned to Mary all the functions of grace and mercy. Thus Mary has become the only hope of the poor Indian, for that is the meaning of the shrine of Guadalupe. Little wonder that sight-seeing

about these two shrines laid on the heart of Dr. Neel a burden for the blind Aztec devotee that became heavier with the passing years. It kindled in her inner life a burning zeal to tell them of the Savior Christ, the only way to the Father's heart of love, the only mediator between God and man.

After several days of sight-seeing in the capital, the sisters took the train for Ciudad del Maiz, San Luis Potosi, where Miss Neel had established her school and where Dr. Neel was to open her medical work. A ride of three hundred miles brought them to Las Tablas. From this station they were to take a coach for Ciudad del Maiz, thirty miles across the mountains. The coach in which they traveled resembled very much the vehicles that took travelers over the Rocky Mountains many years ago. It was drawn by four little mules which looked as wild as deer. Two men sat on the front seat. One of these held the reins and guided the mules, while the other was supposed to whip the mules and handle the brakes when they were running too fast. They were supposed to gallop across the entire plain. The road led along mountain sides so steep and dangerous that the passengers, not accustomed to the journey, often held their breath for fear of going over the precipice and rolling down the canyon hundreds of feet below.

About midway the coach stopped for lunch at Las Mesas. It was Dr. Neel's first impression of the rural village. It consisted of a half dozen *chozas*, or huts. These had simple walls of upright sticks and a roof of grass. The floor was mother earth. The door was made of upright poles set in sockets. In order to enter, the poles had to be removed one by one. Herds of goats were lying about. It was a land of goats. Later a patient, a shepherd who tended his flock of goats for the hacienda of Angostura, and who came to Dr. Neel for medicine, told her that his large farm had eighty thousand goats, and she never doubted his estimate. The

home furnishing was not perfect without several pigs, dogs and chickens coming into the room or going out at their pleasure.

It was in one of these huts that Dr. Dale took lunch that day. For scores of years she recalled the menu of that meal at Las Mesas. Miss Lavinia Neel had been in Mexico for several years and the articles of diet were not new to her. It was, however, Dr. Katherine Neel's first experience, and she would not have objected at all if she could have been transferred for the moment to the table at her home in Troy. The beans were very much like Boston baked beans; and so far, all was well. The *tortillas* or corn cakes with no salt or seasoning of any kind, and the hot pepper that had been served in liberal quantities, were new to her. The writer remembers very well his first meal on the mission field on a similar trip. The lunch consisted altogether of hot tamales, served with pepper so hot that his cheeks burned just as if he had been traveling in a midday hot sun without a hat on his head. It was great fun for the natives to watch us. Doubtless Dr. Neel's face that afternoon took on the hue of red roses and her cheeks were bathed in tears from the hot pepper. She soon learned to love the tortilla, and for years they were served on our table twice each day.

At sundown the coach reached the mission compound at Ciudad del Maiz where the missionaries and the native Christians had assembled to give the two ladies a royal welcome. They sang songs of joy and gratitude to God. The boys and girls had recitations, expressing their heartfelt welcome. The pastor and representatives of the different organizations of the congregation brought hearty greetings to the two sisters who had come to labor among them. The spirit of love and fraternity that breathed in all parts of the program was a sweet memory that never faded from the hearts of the two missionary sisters. What their eyes had seen and what their

hearts had felt that afternoon, made them realize that it was worth while to come to give their lives to native converts who so loyally and lovingly rallied to their leaders. A conviction was born that afternoon which grew through the years of missionary service, that while there are still some "rice Christians" on the field where she labored, the larger percentage by far are not seeking the loaves and the fishes but rather catch the vision of the crucified Christ and under the constraint of that love, follow Him in faithful service.

LABORING ON THE TABLELANDS

THE Rocky Mountains that stretch across the western section of our country extend into Mexico, Central America and South America, even to Patagonia. In South America this range of mountains is known as the Andes, and it reaches a height of 22,080 feet. In Mexico it is known as the Sierra Madre range. Its highest peak is 18,225 feet above sea level. This Sierra range occupies the entire central section of Mexico and is in places fully six hundred miles wide. In this upland are found most of the large cities of Mexico. There also are located the gold and silver mines. Where water supply affords irrigation, the tablelands yield a bountiful harvest of corn, wheat, cotton, and alfalfa. On the Pacific slope the coastal plain is very narrow and rugged. However, on the Gulf slope the plain is in places fully two or three hundred miles wide and, due to the abundance of rain and fertile soil, yields rich harvests. From this section come to the American markets boatloads of tropical fruits. Here also in the Huasteca country the large oil companies have drawn out almost incredible quantities of oil which have been carried to all parts of the world.

On the tablelands of Mexico Dr. Neel began her medical work and for fourteen years she gave splendid service to the suffering and the poor. Her first station was Ciudad del Maiz, San Luis Potosi. This Spanish word translated into our tongue means "The City of Corn." Naturally enough, this leads us to suspect that it lies in an agricultural section

and that its principal crop is corn. It has two seasons during the year; the one is dry and the other has abundant rains. The latter usually begin in July and continue until September. During the winter, the rainfall is very light and hence, unless it rains during the rainy season, no crops are made. Farmers prepare their soil in the spring and wait for the rains. So fertile is the soil that farmers of that region say that if they are able to harvest one crop every five years the investment is worth while.

Ciudad del Maiz is surrounded by high mountains. Travelers in writing about the city of Samaria in Palestine have remarked that the city, surrounded on all sides by high mountains, is very much like an egg in a deep bowl. For that reason the Syrian could easily surround the city to take the prophet Elisha. In this respect Ciudad del Maiz reminds one of Samaria. It is beautiful for situation. For many years it was most prosperous, for the one stage coach road from Tampico and the adjacent coast to San Luis Potosi and the towns of central Mexico, passed through it. This road was in no sense a modern highway and yet it was such as would serve the purpose of that day, to encourage commerce. Day by day beasts of burden, mules and donkeys, loaded with freight, swarmed in and out of the town going on their journey of two and three hundred miles.

These freighters crossing the mountains presented a very interesting sight. The writer remembers most vividly having seen elsewhere such a caravan of twenty or thirty mules, all loaded heavily with boxes of dry goods, climbing up the mountain side following a winding path at times not wider than two feet and yet making in two days a journey of a hundred miles. Over the highway that passed through Ciudad del Maiz, passengers traveled in coaches very similar to those used in the Rocky Mountains of the United States during the frontier days. The route passed through deserts

and woodlands just as rugged and wild as those of the Rockies. Doubtless travelers over this Mexican road could tell of experiences fully as thrilling as those of Wild West days in the United States.

About the year 1880 a railroad was built from Tampico to San Luis Potosi. The original plan of the engineer was to take the line through Ciudad del Maiz, but a prominent politician of the state was anxious for the line to pass through his hacienda, or plantation. Little did it matter that to do so would necessitate crossing the high mountain range at a most difficult place, that it would be far more expensive and that this particular route would call for more mileage. Politics won the victory, and in due time the railroad was built, leaving Ciudad del Maiz thirty miles to one side but passing through the politician's farm. This railroad was the death knell to the commercial interests of Ciudad del Maiz. However, the city still held its place as a center for missionary work. Scores and scores of villages and small towns were scattered throughout the valley and mountains and thousands and thousands of souls were yet to be won for the Lord Jesus Christ.

In 1884 Rev. J. S. A. Hunter and Mrs. Emma McDill Hunter established missionary work in Ciudad del Maiz. Seven years later Miss Lavinia Neel opened an evangelical school in the town. Upon the arrival of Dr. Katherine Neel these workers gave her a most hearty welcome to the mission field and to Ciudad del Maiz. More than this, they were always ready to co-operate with her in every possible way for the best interests of her medical work.

The regulations of the Mission required that all new missionaries on their arrival on the field should spend at least a year in the study of the Spanish language. Dr. Neel expected to follow this rule and acquire a working knowledge

of the language before opening her clinic. She realized that to make a correct diagnosis of the diseases of her patients and give them helpful counsel, she should be able to talk with them and understand them when they described their symptoms. But she was not able to carry out her purpose. Within a few months after her arrival on the field, the sick began to come and beg for medicine. At first she turned them away, insisting that she should have time for study of the language; but they kept coming in increasing numbers, begging for relief from their sufferings. Finally both she and the missionaries of that station agreed that she should open her clinic.

Since she had been on the field a very short time and had had little opportunity to study the language, it was necessary for a while to employ an interpreter who would help her to understand the different symptoms of the diseases of the patients who came to her clinic and then explain to them how they should take the medicines. Soon the sick began to come in great numbers, and within six months her clinic was filled each day. A native trained nurse was employed to help her handle the large crowds who were coming from villages twenty and forty miles away. On horseback Dr. Neel made professional visits to villages ten and fifteen miles from Ciudad del Maiz, to see patients who were too ill to come to see her. These trips were made over mountain trails where no coach could travel and consequently were very taxing on her strength, but she never hesitated to take these long, hard horseback rides when her office hours at her clinic would permit. Such visits gave her very keen joy. It was her delight years later to talk of those trips when, after hours of listening to recitals of diseases and pains, she would spend the night in an humble chosita (hut) with Christian brethren. She did enjoy their simple meals of tortillas, frijoles,

chili; and then she slept on a cot or a cane mat on the floor. The Christians of San Antonio, La Colonia, and other villages still tell of those days of delightful fellowship with Dr. Neel. She not only brought them medicines to relieve their pain but she entered fully into their lives with her deep sympathy and love. Her rare gift of making friends showed itself in a remarkable way among these humble believers of the villages.

From the very first when Dr. Neel opened her clinic in Ciudad del Maiz, she recognized that the supreme and all-determining purpose of her medical ministry was to save souls. All else was secondary. To cool burning fevers, drive away racking pain, restore strength to bodies weak and weary — all this was most praiseworthy, but these physical blessings were only by-products of a larger and more far-reaching ministry. While she was bringing healing balm to bodies broken by disease, she would make that ministry a stepping stone to a far higher ministry, that of leading her patients to Him who alone can save them from the suffering that sin has brought to both soul and body.

That her clinic might serve this spiritual end, Dr. Neel from the first, and all through the years of her missionary service, employed means that would bring her patients to understand the gospel. Each day a Christian worker spent hours in the clinic talking to the patients and explaining the way of salvation through Christ. Bibles, Testaments and gospel tracts were always on the center table of the waiting room. She and her helpers sought to take advantage of every opportunity to bear witness to the faith that had saved them from sin and had given them their glorious hope of salvation.

To be sure, much of this gospel work was sowing seed on uncertain soil. The patients carried from the clinic gospels, tracts and Bibles to their mountain homes, forty and fifty

miles away and into nooks and corners far removed from centers where Bible colporteurs and missionaries ever visited. Some would never return. Others would come back after many months. Many of them could not read; and those who could, understood the truth in a very superficial way; but the gospel seed was sown. Some fell by the wayside. Some was sown on soil that had no depth. Others grew up amid thorns and were choked. Others fell into prepared ground which brought forth a bountiful harvest.

A Bible found its way into an Indian home thirty miles from the missionary center. For months it lay on the shelf. One day a drunkard, Don Pamfilo, saw it and asked to be allowed to take it home with him. The message of Christ's redeeming love gripped him and as a result he was soundly converted. He walked thirty miles to ask the missionary to baptize him. Upon his return home he built a little chapel for the worship of his Lord. That convert became a light-house in his village far removed from any gospel influences.

One day a Mexican woman, Paulina, came to the clinic in Ciudad del Maiz. She had long been ill; and, like the poor woman in Christ's time, had spent all that she possessed seeking health. The witch doctor had accepted her money but she only grew worse and worse. Dr. Neel began to treat her, and within a few weeks Paulina was completely well. While attending the clinic she had heard the gospel story, and as in the case of Lydia, God opened her heart and she received Christ. She bought a Bible even though she could not read. It then became her one great ambition to learn to read the Word of God. She begged a friend to teach her the letters of the alphabet, and with that as a starting point she began to spell out words. Soon she was reading her Bible with great heart hunger. She brought her spiritual problems to Dr. Neel and other missionaries for solution.

Very soon she had outgrown that stage of spiritual childhood in which a believer must be fed on the "milk of the Word." Her constant talks centered in her Savior and yet they never savored of hypocrisy. To look through her Bible thrilled the heart. She had marked her favorite verses with charcoal and every page of her Bible had at least a verse so marked. So manifest was the glory of God which shone in her face that to look at her brought a blessing. She has been a great soul winner these forty years. Had Dr. Neel done nothing more than bring healing to Paulina, both physically and spiritually, her labors in Ciudad del Maiz would have been worth while.

Dr. Neel's medical ministry in Ciudad del Maiz did more than spread the gospel of good news. It broke down barriers of prejudice, fanaticism and nationalistic spirit, and opened an avenue through which the gospel heralds could take the Word. Satanic agencies had arrayed the people of the town and surrounding villages against the missionaries. Fanatical devotees told the people that these newcomers worshipped the devil, that they did not believe in God, that they were spies sent out by the government of the United States, and a thousand other silly falsehoods. Naturally the common people looked on these missionaries with grave suspicion. They hated them and shunned their fellowship, as the upper classes shun the untouchables of India. Into such a situation came Dr. Neel with her medicine. Crowds came to her clinic. They received her medicines and were made well and free from pain. Better still, they saw her kindness. The poor secured treatment and medicines at a very moderate rate; the very poor paid nothing for medical service. The patients saw that both the poorest and the social outcasts as well as the rich were received on equal terms. They were quick to sense also that the clinic was saturated with an atmosphere of love which deeply identified the physician with the sickness and sufferings of those present. As a result, the pa-

tients left the clinic with the conviction that the medical missionary and her helper were not devils but rather angels of mercy. They were convinced, too, that a religion which produced such wonderful virtues could not be of the devil but rather came from the living and loving God.

Ciudad del Maiz gave Dr. Neel her first opportunity to show that medicine could be used of God to make these Jericho walls of fanaticism and hate fall down. It was a most fanatical town in the deepest sense of the word. A few years before, when the Rev. J. S. A. Hunter came to the city to establish a gospel mission, the parish priests at once advised the faithful followers that the newcomer was in league with devils and was to be despised. None of them should in any way befriend him. Those who should rent him a house for a home or attend his service would automatically bring upon themselves the curse of purgatorial fires. It was therefore with great difficulty that the missionary rented a building in which to live. He held gospel services in the front room of his home, and such was the fanaticism of the city that the missionary held these services with no worshippers or hearers other than his wife and two little girls for a whole year. No one dared to enter the room during those twelve months.

This was the town into which Dr. Neel came with her medical ministry. Her labor there did much to dispel this fanaticism, as the following incident reveals. After she had labored there for a year and a half she was married to the Rev. J. G. Dale. The ecclesiastical ceremony was performed in the evangelical church in the city which had a seating capacity of five hundred. The church was filled to overflowing to witness the marriage of their beloved friend and physician. Fully ninety-five per cent of the people present on that occasion were not even associate members of the church. Most of them had never entered that church before. They had

come because of their love for the missionary physician who was to be married. This happened in a city where only a few years before not one dared to enter a place where evangelical services were held. During that year and a half the clinic had done much to take from the minds of the people the bitter hate which caused them to think of both the missionaries and believers as devils. Of course, the life and ministry of the missionaries had done much to change the attitude of the people. Miss Lavinia Neel's school had wrought changes in public opinion, but all agreed that it was the medical work which had brought to a climax this revolution in the minds of the people of Ciudad del Maiz.

On May 30, 1900, Dr. Katherine Neel was married to the Rev. J. G. Dale, missionary to the same field, who was at that time studying the language in Rio Verde, S. L. P. The courtship was carried on under conditions that were rather extraordinary. Each visit of the groom to see the future bride was made on horseback, a ride of sixty miles through desert country and over high mountains. It was a lonely road, and at times there was a stretch of twenty miles without a single hut in sight. The only sign of life was the weird howl of the coyote which did not afford the traveler much comfort.

Custom would not permit the native *novio* to visit his young lady in the home except when duly chaperoned by some member of the family. Much less might the two walk about the town together. If they wished to talk alone, custom decreed that the young girl might come to the window and there through the iron bars talk to the young man who stood on the sidewalk of the street. If the family lived on the second floor of a building, this custom was in no wise changed. However, the native friends did not object to the two Americans meeting in the home of the missionaries even though none of the family was present. The couple never

ventured to walk together about the town, for this would only have provoked criticism of such character as to harm the missionary work.

The marriage ceremony was performed in three parts. The bride and groom were required to appear before the civil judge with six witnesses and go through a ceremony that was called "the presentation." The two contracting parties had to sign a statement to the effect that they intended to marry, and the red tape of this act required fully half an hour. The next day the groom mounted his pony and rode back to Rio Verde, for they were not yet married. They must wait eighteen days for the second part. The judge of Rio Verde posted in a public place the fact that the Rev. J. G. Dale would marry Miss Katherine Neel in eighteen days unless someone objected. No objection was filed, and the groom took another ride of sixty miles to go through the second part. The couple then appeared before the same judge and witnesses to sign the final word that made them husband and wife. This marriage contract filled two or three pages of writing. Following this, they went to the nearby Presbyterian church for the third part, the ecclesiastical ceremony, which was performed by the missionary, the Rev. J. S. A. Hunter.

Long before the marriage, it had been a problem how to bring the bride from Ciudad del Maiz to Rio Verde. No railroad or coach line connected the two places. To make matters worse, in neither place could a buggy be found. After a long search Dr. Edwards, the best man, found a coach which had been stored away because of old age in the village of Fernandez, a suburb of Rio Verde. It resembled in many respects the old coach in which, according to history, Napoleon rode through Paris. Of course, it was not so ornate. The owner had two horses but these alone could not

pull the heavy vehicle. A friend loaned the groom two little mules which were to be hitched on in front of the horses.

Two days before the marriage the groom and the best man set out for Ciudad del Maiz in this antique conveyance with two drivers. On the outskirts of Rio Verde they forded a river so shallow that the water scarcely touched the knees of the horses, but they balked and would not pull the coach out of the stream. The drivers urged and urged until the poor animals, determined to move in some direction, sought to turn around and go back home. Seeing the coach in peril of turning over, Dr. Edwards and the writer jumped out on a sand bar. Relieved of the load, the team pulled the coach out of the river, leaving the passengers. Nothing seemed to daunt the drivers, for they waded out into the river and carried the two occupants across on their backs. It was in many respects a memorable trip. At every stream and at every high hill the team balked and refused to pull. All four men had to walk most of the way. When they finally reached Ciudad del Maiz, they were walking and one of the horses which had proved to be worthless, was tied on behind the coach. The return trip was by no means an improvement.

The Lord has blessed this marital union with five children. Jesse M. Dale was born in Rio Verde, Mexico, June 9, 1901. He received his A. B. degree from Erskine College, Due West, South Carolina, in 1923 and later did post-graduate work at Columbia University, New York. In 1926 he received his B. D. degree from the United Presbyterian Theological Seminary of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He is teaching at present in the Presbyterian Mission College, Bogota, Colombia, South America. A daughter, Belle, was born in Rio Verde, Mexico, December 1, 1902. In 1923 she received her A. B. degree from Erskine College. The University of Virginia gave her the M. D. degree in 1929. She served successively as interne physician in Bellevue and

Babies Hospital, New York, and was married to Mr. J. W. Poole in 1931. She practices her chosen profession, specializing in Pediatrics, in El Dorado, Arkansas. John T. Dale was born in Rio Verde, Mexico, April 6, 1906, and received his A. B. degree from Erskine College in 1928 and the degree of B. D. from Princeton Theological Seminary in 1932. In 1942 Erskine College gave him the degree of Litt. D. He has been serving as missionary to the Aztec Indians of Mexico since his graduation from Princeton. A second daughter, Margaret, was born in Rio Verde, Mexico, April 10, 1910, and received her A. B. degree from Erskine College in 1930 and her M. A. degree from Columbia University, New York, in 1933. In 1934 she was married to Dr. S. B. L. Penrose, Jr., of Walla Walla, Washington. She is a member of the National Board of the Y. W. C. A. and now resides in Washington, D. C. A fifth child, Katherine Neel, who was born in Chester, South Carolina, Nov. 10, 1915, died in Tampico, Mexico, Feb. 15, 1921.

In 1900 the Board of Foreign Missions sent the Dales to open a mission in Cerritos, a town in the state of San Luis Potosi, on the railroad from Tampico to San Luis Potosi. The following year the Mission and the Board decided to establish in Rio Verde an institution for the education of young men of the field, and for the training of men for the ministry. Mr. Dale was placed in charge of the school, and this necessitated the transfer of the Dale family to Rio Verde.

This was the third largest town of the state and was located one hundred miles east of the capital city. The main line of the railroad from the coast to San Luis Potosi passed near Rio Verde and the town was connected by a branch road thirty miles long. A large lake up in the mountains supplied the town and the surrounding valley with water for irrigation purposes, and harvests were exceptionally fine. Large



*Dr. Dale and her nurses at Rio Verde
Teresa Lopez, Mercedes Escalera, Amalia Garcia*



The Rio Verde Hospital

orange orchards beautified the valley. Truck farming and orange interests gave the city not a little commercial importance.

Dr. J. R. and Mrs. Amelia Edwards had established a mission here in the year 1893. These missionaries gave the Dales a most enthusiastic welcome and heartily co-operated with them in all the years of missionary labor there.

This was a new field for the medical work of Dr. Katherine Dale and yet not altogether new. Ciudad del Maiz and Cerritos were not more than sixty miles distant; and her patients soon began to come from those towns for medicine and treatment. Her stay in Ciudad del Maiz and Cerritos had not exceeded eighteen months in either place, yet before she left these towns patients were coming to her from the surrounding country within a radius of fifty miles.

Five years after opening her work in Rio Verde, the Dale family of Oak Hill, Alabama, gave Dr. Dale the necessary funds to build a hospital. In due time this building was finished and was called the Dale Memorial Hospital, in memory of William and Mary Dale, members of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church of Oak Hill, Alabama. It was a two-story building made of Mexican adobe or brick, costing three thousand Mexican dollars. It furnished Dr. Dale with two offices, an operating room, a large waiting room for the clinic, three rooms for private patients, a large ward, a dining room and kitchen.

This building multiplied greatly the efficiency of the work for the sick. Here the patients might either remain for further treatment or, if they came late in the day, rest until the following morning. Many who came for treatment had traveled many miles. Frequently they had walked for three or four days; others were brought in cots and on stretchers by friends. The hospital offered them a place to rest for the

night or until they might be able to return home. To such as these, this place became a refuge in time of great need.

The medical work here grew very rapidly. Soon the sick were coming from Valles, Tamasopo, and other points fully a hundred miles distant. To meet these many opportunities, Dr. Dale secured the services of such trained nurses as the señoritas Amalia Garcia, Mercedes Escalera, and Teresa Lopez, all of whom were graduates of the training school which Dr. Levi Salmans had established years before in connection with his large hospital in the city of Guanajuato, Mexico. At eight each morning the doors of the clinic were opened and from that hour until one o'clock in the afternoon the sick were coming and going — fifty, sixty, and seventy each forenoon. At three in the afternoon the horse and buggy were ready to take Dr. Dale to see the patients who had not been able to attend the clinic. There were never empty beds in the hospital.

Many of the patients who came to her were very poor, but they were very grateful for the blessings that her clinic brought them. Those who had little or no money would sometimes bring chickens to the doctor. It not infrequently happened that two or three patients would bring chickens and have them under their aprons in the waiting room while the gospel service was being held, and now and then the chickens would almost break up the service.

One day Dr. Dale was ill and the trained nurse Senorita Mercedes Escalera closed the door of the clinic and told the patients that Dr. Dale was sick and not able to receive them that day. A few of them loitered about the door, hoping against hope that the doctor would be able to prescribe for them. Our two older children, then about five and seven years of age, were playing that morning in the front yard adjacent to the hospital. They saw the patients before the closed door. One had a hen for the doctor and the other had

nothing. The older child opened the door of the clinic and said, "The sick woman with the chicken, come in. The woman with nothing, you go home."

Here as elsewhere Dr. Dale's work proved to be a most efficient agency for dispelling the mists of suspicion and for removing the many barriers of fanaticism. In a most natural and yet most effective way the people were made to see and understand through this channel the true purpose of the foreign missionaries, the Bible and the plan of salvation which Christ offered to them. This is not to imply that fanaticism was not as bitter here as it had been elsewhere, for here also a Romanist would quickly cross to the other side of the street rather than pass a Protestant on the sidewalk. By so doing he hoped to escape the defilement that otherwise would come to him from the despised heretic. Should contact with the foreign devil be unavoidable, the faithful Romanist made a cross on his breast and quickly uttered a little prayer that Mary might forgive this sin which, if not forgiven, would eventually land him in purgatory.

The writer rode through the streets of San Ciro, a little town about twenty-five miles from Rio Verde, one morning when he had gone to secure a house in which to open gospel work. The parish priest knew from inquiries that had been made that a house was being sought for a mission there. He had therefore made a special effort to acquaint the people of the village with the foreign devil (?) who was to come that day. Riding along the street the missionary saw an old lady come to the door of her hut and heard her say, "Here comes the foreign devil. I am going to count his horns and see how many he has." To be sure, with that kind of an introduction, the missionary found all the people unwilling to contact him in any way and much less ready to rent a house for gospel worship in the town. Fanaticism had erected a wall as high as those of Jericho, and only the

Spirit of the Lord could cause such walls to fall. To do this He used the medical work of Dr. Dale in a remarkable way. An historical incident will show how effectively the clinic accomplished this miracle through the operation of His Spirit.

When the American soldiers landed at Vera Cruz on April 21, 1914, the relations between Mexico and the United States were strained almost to the breaking point. Eleven days before, American soldiers had landed at Tampico, Mexico. The Mexican patriots felt that their national sovereignty had been outraged. Their dignity had been insulted. The tide of anti-American feeling was rising high all over the Republic. Repeated acts on the part of the United States were fanning into a flame this fire of national honor. The common people were deeply stirred. In all the smaller towns and on the street corners of the cities, crowds were gathering to discuss the crisis that had come to their country, and often the mobs marched through the streets shouting vengeance on their invaders. They were ready to take up arms and fight for the land which they loved. Like all other towns, Rio Verde was stirred.

One night the procession marched through the streets carrying torches and shouting, "Down with the Americans! Long live Mexico!" The crowd came nearer and nearer to our mission compound. When they finally reached our home next to Dr. Dale's hospital, the crowd stopped — and shouted, "Long live the Dales!" Beyond the next house, however, the cry was again taken up, "Down with the Americans! Long live Mexico!" and on and on until it faded into the night.

The crowd was not thinking of the Dale father or of the Dale children, for many of them did not know us at all. Many of them, however, had been in the Dale clinic and there had received from Dr. Dale medicines and treatment.

She had been kind to them and had been sympathetic with them in their poverty and suffering. They had seen in her every act a true love for them which had drawn from them a corresponding love. She was their friend. Though they hated Americans, yet they loved the Dales for the sake of the "doctora" (the missionary physician). She had entered so deeply into their needs and lives that she was one of them. They might hate her people but they could only love her who had stood by their side in the time of great suffering.

A FURLOUGH NOT WANTED

IN 1910 General Francisco Madero organized his revolution in the northern part of Mexico and rallied his forces to overthrow the regime of General Porfirio Diaz. It was an uprising which found a ready response in the hearts of the rank and file of the people because it sought to restore to the common people the inalienable rights of the democratic form of government. This movement gathered strength as it moved southward. The army joined the forces of General Madero and soon General Diaz had to take ship for Paris. Between the disintegration of the outgoing government and the organization and solidification of the incoming revolutionary movement, there arose conditions which were chaotic. This kind of a situation is the natural aftermath of all revolutions. While divisions of the army were deserting the old regime and going over to the side of General Madero, and before the new army could be fully organized to police the country, the bandit element took advantage of the political situation and overran the smaller towns and rural districts. These lawless bands which pretended to be revolutionist swept over the rural sections destroying farms, burning villages, and killing personal enemies. General Madero was making an honest effort to bring the country under military control and guarantee life and liberty to all, but this could not be done in a day. In the meantime the populace suffered. These bandit groups watched their opportunity, and when they found that a village had no federal

guard they would swoop down on the town and kill the local authorities or drive them into the mountains, looting and killing. Often the bandits would gather as many as five hundred followers, so that a mere handful of soldiers or policemen would be outnumbered twenty to one, thus making defense well nigh impossible.

During this period of transition and political anarchy in many sections of the country, when the people were left to defend themselves as best they could, many heroes came to the front, and many feats of daring have come to light.

A striking example is that of Don Antonio Hernandez who was an elder in the Associate Reformed Presbyterian church in Ciudad del Maiz where Dr. Dale labored for a year and a half. In his younger days he had been a soldier and had left a record that is praiseworthy for his deeds of bravery. In 1913 a band of lawless mountaineers armed with guns, machetes and clubs, entered Ciudad del Maiz. They first sought the political leaders, Spaniards, who had taken advantage of the friendliness of the local authorities to rob them of their lands. Then, true to the spirit of all mobs, the leaders lost control of the irresponsible crowd which began to kill, loot and burn. Quickly the citizens of the town organized a garrison to defend themselves. Don Antonio Hernandez was placed at the head of this group. A call had been made to the state capital for federal soldiers, but these would not be able to reach the town for several days. In the meantime Don Antonio and his sixty followers had to drive these three hundred bandits from the city.

In the course of the battle, outnumbered five to one and having lost several of his men, Don Antonio took his defenders to the high tower of the Catholic church and from that vantage point fired on the invaders who fought from the street below. So many of the invaders were killed that they decided to evacuate the town, leaving about half of their

number dead in the streets. When the invaders began to retreat the defenders had fired their last cartridge. Not one was left for defense had the enemy rallied their forces and returned. However, the enemy did not know this and continued fleeing to the mountains. A few days later federal soldiers came and thus the town was saved.

From that time the lawless element looked upon Don Antonio as their enemy and swore vengeance. From the mountains they watched for their first opportunity to return and attack the city in order to kill him. They did not have very long to wait, for about a year later the federal soldiers were ordered to leave for another city. Spies at once advised the bandits, and again they came down upon Ciudad del Maiz and this time with twice the number of followers. From all four sides, they poured into the town, fired by the spirit of vengeance. They came under the cover of night. There was no time given for organizing a defense guard, and then, too, the invaders were too numerous. Don Antonio had to hide as quickly as possible in the tower of the evangelical church of Ciudad del Maiz, where he stayed for a whole year. He was a tailor by trade; and thus in order to support his family there in his hiding place, he cut the cloth and his wife did the sewing. Every day his wife brought him his food.

At first only she and the pastor of the evangelical church knew of her husband's hiding place. However, as the months passed, this information spread beyond this inner circle of three. As soon as Don Antonio knew this, he immediately determined to leave town. The question now in his mind was how this could be done and when. Being a devoted Christian and a man of prayer, he committed the whole affair into God's hand.

One Sabbath afternoon there in the tower of the church, Don Antonio felt a very definite urge that he should leave

that night. He asked God for a sign if it was really His will for him to go. All that day the sun shone brightly. It was to be expected that the night would be clear, but about eight o'clock there broke upon Ciudad del Maiz a storm of thunder, lightning and rain. To Don Antonio this was the desired sign from God, for he knew full well that because of the downpour of rain all the pickets about town would be indoors, thus making possible his escape. Bidding his wife and children goodbye, he made his way through the deserted street unharmed and escaped to the mountains.

For a whole year he was not able to return to his home town, and only twice did he have any word from his wife and children. When he did return, it was only to get his belongings and family and move to Victoria, two hundred miles over the mountains.

While the Dales were in Rio Verde, more than once the town was overrun by these bandit forces. For weeks the town would be left without any kind of police force or municipal authorities. Finally federal forces would arrive and give the town some protection. These raids were becoming more and more frequent and alarming. To make the situation more serious, the relations between the United States and Mexico were fast becoming more strained, and it looked as if it were only a matter of time until the breaking point would be reached. Under such conditions it was next to impossible to carry on missionary work. Little more could be expected than to hold things together. Conditions, however, were fast approaching the place where even this would be hopeless. The Mission Board had more than once advised the Dales that it was the part of wisdom to return to the United States until political conditions should improve, but they had very kindly left the final decision with us.

Because of the dangers brought about by these bandit forces which might attack Rio Verde any day, it seemed wise

for Dr. Katherine Dale and the children to go to a place of safety, but she refused to leave unless the family all could go together. At that moment it was not clear that the Lord would have us all go; so we decided to stay until we should have some definite leading, knowing that in the meantime He would hide us under the shadow of His wings for protection. In the hollow of His hand we were safe. However, the situation suddenly grew worse. One morning we received a wire from the American consul in San Luis Potosi, advising us to go to Tampico at once. That same morning a letter came from friends in San Luis Potosi, urging us to go to Tampico without giving any reasons. Rio Verde was too far away from the centers of world movements for us to know conditions fully. After prayer we felt that we should go to the Coast and there wait for developments.

Our little town had a train once every twenty-four hours, and that train would leave within two hours after we received the message from the American consul. Dr. Dale's clinic was full of patients. Workmen were repairing the college building for the opening of school the following week. Twenty or more girls were in the dormitory of the female college. However, within those two hours the girls were sent home, the workmen paid, the patients given medicines, the hospital closed, and we were en route to the station bound for Tampico, not knowing what to expect from the outside world.

The ride on the little branch line was slow, and we were ready to agree that the natives had well named it "La Cucaracha" (the cockroach). Once on the main line it was a ride of two hundred miles. The first part of the ride took us through the section of the country where the Cedillo brothers had been waging guerrilla warfare and had blown up so many trains.

The Cedillo brothers were natives of the village of Las Palomas (the doves) only about twenty miles from Ciudad del Maiz. At one time they had owned a cattle farm and fields of corn. During the Diaz regime they, like other poor people, suffered at the hands of the Spanish landowners who had taken their land and cattle from them. They could not get justice, as the local authorities were friendly to the rich landowners. General Francisco Madero protested against this oppression of the rural classes and against the favoritism that lost sight of individual rights. Thus encouraged by the uprising of the Madero campaign, these four Cedillo brothers also went on the warpath against these gross injustices of which they and countless others had been the victims. Undoubtedly these Cedillo brothers and their followers adopted measures that were extreme and at times did step beyond the boundary of that which was right and humane, but it is to be remembered that for years the richer class had robbed them of land and cattle and had held those properties without any semblance of title deeds. One should not forget, too, the fact that these rural people had made all sorts of appeals for justice and to no avail. One must also keep in mind that followers of the Cedillo brothers were illiterate mountaineers whose desire for vengeance had been fanned into a flame beyond control. It was not easy to restrain them from acts of violence and murder when once a town was in their possession. The surprising thing is that the Cedillo brothers were able to control them as well as they did.

During the first years of the Revolution three of the Cedillo brothers were killed. General Saturnino Cedillo, the youngest of the four, survived the Revolution and afterwards became governor of the state of San Luis Potosi, general of the Central Division of the army, later Secretary of Agriculture under President Cardenas, and for many years political boss of his state. He never professed to be a

model of moral character, but he was a sincere friend of the poor and oppressed. For years at Las Palomas, his large country ranch near Ciudad del Maiz, he would receive the poor who brought their grievances, and he always took their side against the abuses brought on them by the rich. He built near his home a hotel where those who had come to see him to get justice and had not been able to interview him, might stay for the night free of any charges. He gave the state of San Luis Potosi a large measure of religious liberty. His sister was a devoted member of the evangelical church. He confessed to me on a certain occasion that he recognized that the Gospel was the truth of God and assured me that if at any time he could help in our missionary labor by giving us all the civil rights which the Constitution of Mexico offered, he would always stand ready to lend a helping hand. Down through the years he kept his promise. He never allowed local state officials of the Catholic faith to impose on the evangelical workers any restrictions that were unjust. He was a most loyal friend of the poor, of justice, and of those who professed the evangelical faith.

For hours our train ran through the country long dominated by these brothers. Beyond the town of Cardenas the train began the descent to Tamasopo, a town at the foot of the mountain range. Following a straight line, the distance between these two points did not exceed fifteen miles, yet the train ordinarily required three hours to make the trip. At times the traveler could drop an orange and see it roll down the precipice four or five hundred feet to the bottom of the canyon. The train passed through eleven tunnels on this short run. One tunnel went under a mountain spur called the "Backbone of the Devil." At one place the traveler could look up the mountainside and see clearly three railroad tracks over which his train had come, terraced one above the other. It was in this canyon that the revolutionists did so

much of their savage train wrecking. On these curves the road bed did not measure more than twelve feet in width overlooking a precipice four hundred feet deep. The revolutionists would place on these tracks sticks of dynamite which sent the train, engine, coaches and all, to the bottom of the canyon. From the car window we could see many engines and coaches which had been blown to the bottom of the canyon just a few months before.

We reached Tampico that night without any mishap. God had given His angels charge over us. The bandits with their fiendish plans could not pass those heavenly guards. At Tampico we found letters from our Foreign Mission Board calling us home but leaving the final decision to us. It seemed wise to us under the circumstances to remain in Tampico for further developments. Mr. John Lind, the personal representative of President Wilson, advised us to leave the mission field until political conditions should improve, but the leading of the Lord was not clear that we should go.

Dr. and Mrs. N. E. Pressly, missionaries in charge of the Tampico station, were exceedingly kind and received us in their home, where we remained until we could arrange living quarters in the mission school building. Each day foreigners came to Tampico from the inland with thrilling stories of their experiences. Some had been held as prisoners in their homes for days, not knowing whether they would be shot or sent away. Others had fled through the jungles to save their lives. In spite of this we could not give up the thought of returning to Rio Verde, for we continued to hope that conditions would improve. For Dr. Dale's clinic we had bought a supply of medicines which were shipped by train. The night before we were to leave Tampico for Rio Verde, however, the bridge over the Tamesi River on the outskirts of Tampico, over which our train was to pass, was blown to pieces with dynamite.

During the days that followed conditions suddenly grew worse. Bandits were now constantly wrecking the train on the line to Rio Verde. To study conditions at first hand, I went to Rio Verde and traveled over the entire field. This trip deepened the conviction that it would be unwise to try to carry on mission work in the interior under prevailing conditions. After long prayer we decided to take ship for the United States and wait until mission work should be possible on the field.

Our unsought furlough was spent in Chester, South Carolina. We were seeing through a glass darkly. We had to walk by faith for a while. It was not easy to see why God had allowed the Revolution to close Dr. Dale's medical work in Rio Verde when she was reaching so many patients over such a wide area; why our evangelistic work, our educational institutions, and our printing press, all had to be closed. Our only light was that our Lord was leading us to a larger work somewhere. Our Father never takes anything from us but that He gives us something better. This was our firm assurance, and the truth brought fullest submission and rest. Then, too, it was evident that God was giving Dr. Dale a much needed rest. Her work for the thirteen years on the field had been very strenuous. She had been given two furloughs, but furloughs do not afford missionaries much rest. As soon as they reach the homeland they are given deputation work. Friends wish to get first-hand information from the field, and the Boards like to keep the work of the mission before the church at home. Often the activities of the missionary on furlough draw more heavily on the resources of the missionary than do those of the mission field. The loving Father saw that Dr. Dale's body was tired and He gave her a real vacation in order that she might get the much needed rest.

Dr. Dale could not long remain inactive. Very soon after reaching Chester she organized a Bible class for the young people, and many have testified to the spiritual uplift they received from contact with her in those Bible studies. She led the young people to wider spheres of service for their Lord. Dr. J. H. Marion, Jr., pastor of the Grace Covenant Presbyterian Church of Richmond, Virginia, was at that time living in Chester, South Carolina, and was a member of Dr. Dale's Bible class. He writes, "I shall always remember with real affection and gratitude my association with you and Mrs. Dale during the days that you spent in Chester. Mrs. Dale was one of the most radiant and happy Christians I have ever known. And the sojourn of her and her family in our town and congregation was a great spiritual blessing to us all." During these years the writer was engaged in deputation work for the mission cause and later was associated with the Laymen's Missionary Movement.

During this furlough God gave us a wonderful link to the missionary work in Rio Verde. One night there appeared at our door in Chester a Mexican family. We had not been advised of their coming and, to make matters more difficult, there were eight in the family (father, mother, and six children) with all their household belongings, in true Mexican style. Friends came to our rescue by helping us find a place for each one of them for the night. Providentially, a house next door was for rent, and we secured this for them during their stay of a year.

The history of this family is very interesting. They came originally from Rio Verde and were friends of our family during our stay there. They were very fanatical and at first had no dealings whatsoever with us. The two families (ours and theirs) were acquainted, but fanaticism had reared a high wall of separation between us. One day, however, their baby girl became sick. Native physicians were called one

after another, but the child only grew worse. Finally as a last resort, they called Dr. Dale, and in a few days the child was up and walking about. From that day on Dr. Dale became their family physician, and as a natural sequence there grew up a warm friendship between our family and theirs. The mother became one of the warmest friends Dr. Dale had in all the town of Rio Verde. The father was a prominent attorney and offered to give us any assistance within his power. He later became governor of our state of San Luis Potosi and moved to the capital. The tide of politics changed and drove him from his state and country. They fled to Texas. Once there, they remembered that we were in South Carolina, a thousand miles away, and they followed us there.

It was an eloquent testimony of the warmth of the friendship between the two families, all of which came about through the medical ministry of Dr. Dale. During their stay in Chester they attended regularly with us the Associate Reformed Presbyterian church of the town. They learned enough English to understand most of the services. The father bought a Bible and soon gave his heart to Christ. With the hopes of resuming his practice of law and wishing to return to a Spanish-speaking country, they moved to Havana, Cuba. Who can tell what transformation of thought and life has been wrought in the lives of the eight members of this family through Dr. Dale and evangelical friends in the United States.

In April, 1919, the Board of Foreign Missions directed the Dales to return to the mission field. Conditions had greatly improved. General Carranza's government had become more stable. His army had routed many of the bandit forces that had roamed over the rural districts. The great mass of people who had left their homes and villages, seeking protection in the large centers, were now returning to



The railroad to Rio Verde



A typical Indian house

their homes again. It did seem that again missionary work might be resumed; but the question was, where were the Dales to be located? Should they return to Rio Verde? Our mission property had fallen into the hands of those looting bandits and our buildings had fared badly. The dining room of the college had been turned into a horse stable. The entire building soon fell to pieces. The hospital had been looted and all the furniture, medicines, and medical instruments taken away. The printing press had been broken with hammers and the type sown to the winds just as they sowed wheat by hand in former days. The believers had been scattered as sheep without the care of a shepherd.

In view of this, the Board decided to send us to Tampico to take over the field of which that city was the center. This step was deemed wise not only because of conditions in the Rio Verde field but also because Dr. and Mrs. N. E. Pressly, who had been laboring there for many years, had been obliged to return to the home land on account of ill health.

IN TAMPICO

TAMPICO is the second in size and importance of the three seaports worthy of note on the Gulf Coast of Mexico. Vera Cruz is first, due to the fact that it is the natural outlet for freight and passenger service from Mexico City and the other cities in southern Mexico. The oil industry has put Tampico on the map of the world. As early as 1901 the Huasteca Oil Company began to drill wells fifty miles inland from the coast. Wells were soon flowing which produced as much as seventy-five and a hundred barrels of oil daily. Other companies quickly followed, such as the Aguila (English), Transcontinental, Waters Pierce, Standard (American) and the Dutch Shell. There followed a period of keen competition among these, in an effort to control the large oil deposits three and four thousand feet below the surface.

This industry brought laborers to Tampico by the thousands. They came not only to secure work but also to find refuge from the bandits that were sweeping over the villages inland. Due to these two facts, Tampico grew up almost like a mushroom in a night. Prior to the Revolution and the discovery of oil, it was only a little town of twenty thousand people. Within a period of twenty-five years it gained a population of more than a hundred thousand.

This mad rush to Tampico went on in spite of the yellow fever plague which had repeatedly devastated that part of the Republic. From time immemorial the lowlands about Tam-

pico and down the coast to the isthmus had been visited by this dread disease that counted its victims by the hundreds of thousands. As late as 1902 it had reduced the population of Tampico in a frightful manner. The little mosquitoes had wrought more havoc by far than the swarms of grasshoppers that plagued Israel in the time of the prophet Amos. However, the Rockefeller Foundation sent specialists to the tropics to study the little messenger of mischief; and later, with the cooperation of the Mexican Government, they made relentless war upon the yellow fever scourge. So successful have they been in the campaign for health in the tropics that during the past thirty years hardly a single case has been registered all along the entire coast.

With its swarming population Tampico became a most inviting field for missionary work. In 1878 Dr. and Mrs. N. E. Pressly had opened work there. Through the years that followed they were able to establish a chain of mission stations up and down the coast with Tampico as the center. The Revolution of 1910 came, and in its wake the bandit hordes swept over the gulf country like a tornado of destruction, killing many and driving most of those remaining to distant parts for protection. So disastrous was the havoc wrought that not a single congregation was left in all the the Tampico field outside of the city itself. The Misses Macie Stevenson, Mattie Boyce, Jennie Gettys, and Fannie Wallace had operated the evangelical school in Tampico since 1893; but it too was forced to close its doors in 1913 due to the Revolution, not to open again until 1918. Through the years it had been a veritable lighthouse in the night of spiritual darkness on the Gulf Coast.

Dr. and Mrs. N. E. Pressly left the Tampico field due to ill health. Two years later it was felt that the Revolution had passed and conditions were considered to be more stable. In 1919 the Dales were sent to Tampico to direct the mis-

sionary work in that field. Dr. Katherine Dale opened at once her medical ministry in Tampico, and she did not have to wait long for patients. Her fame had gone ahead of her. Among the thousands who had fled from the interior of the country to the Coast, seeking refuge from the bandit element of the revolution, many were patients whom she had treated in Rio Verde, Cerritos, and Ciudad del Maiz. Hearing of the arrival of Dr. Dale in Tampico, they came to her for medical service. Not only so, but her patients, as always, were a splendid advertisement for her clinic. They were enthusiastic as to her ability to restore health to their bodies and were ever ready to publish the good news among their friends.

For eleven years she labored in Tampico, and they were most fruitful years. Rapidly the number of her patients grew. The reports which she made to her Board of Foreign Missions each year showed that during those years of service in that port she treated as many as eighteen thousand patients each year. From actual count there were days when as many as eighty patients passed through her clinic. At eight o'clock in the morning the doors of her clinic were opened and were not closed until one in the afternoon. After lunch she visited the patients who were too sick to come to her office. During those eleven years on the Coast, Mr. Eugene Morrison of Statesville, North Carolina, a warm friend of missions, gave her three successive automobiles which greatly multiplied the efficiency of her medical ministry. Senoritas Raquel Fernandez, Eladia Solis, and Rebecca Arancivia assisted Dr. Dale in her clinic and drug room during those days of strenuous service. These nurses had been trained in the school for nurses of Dr. Levi B. Salmans in Guanajuato, Mexico.

Following her practice of former years in Ciudad del Maiz and Rio Verde, Dr. Dale made her medical work in

Tampico an agency distinctively evangelistic. Senorita Santos Gonzalez, a most consecrated and efficient personal worker, spent every morning in the waiting room of the clinic with Bibles and gospel tracts, explaining the gospel to the patients while they waited to see the physician. The following incident is one of the many which will show how her clinic brought the saving gospel of Christ into the lives of those who came for medicines.

One morning an Indian and his wife came in for treatment. They had to wait an hour or more before they could see Dr. Dale, for others had come earlier and the patients were received in the order of their arrival. While they waited, Senorita Gonzalez talked to them about Christ and His gospel. So interested did they become that they bought a Bible then and there and began reading it while Senorita Gonzalez talked to others. When they entered the private office of the physician they told Dr. Dale that they felt sure that the Bible was the Word of God. They therefore invited her and the writer to visit them in their home down by the sea six miles away in order that they might hear more out of this wonderful book. The invitation was accepted, and what a blessed time we had with these eager listeners. They invited us to come every week and hold a gospel service in their home. Week after week they invited friends and neighbors in for the services. The attendance grew and grew until the large room was too small to hold the crowds. After a few weeks the Indian and his wife were baptized and received into the fellowship of the church. Then he asked that we dedicate his home for a church. To our question as to where he and his wife would live, he replied that they had decided to move into a little hut about ten feet square in the yard which they had been using for a kitchen. He wanted God to have the very best. Twice this little chapel was enlarged to hold the large crowds which came in

increasing numbers as the direct results of the personal work of these two faithful people.

Up to this time this Indian had made a good living as a peddler of trinkets. Now he came to ask us to employ him as a Bible colporteur that he might give his full time to selling Bibles, giving out tracts, and doing personal work on the streets and in the homes. A year or two later the secretary of the American Bible Society told the writer that this Indian had sold more Bibles than any other denominational colporteur in the whole republic.

A few years later he contracted tuberculosis, which, in spite of every effort to save him, soon took him to heaven. While he lay dying, he sang the twenty-third Psalm as a farewell message. At the funeral service his broken-hearted wife told Dr. Dale that before his conversion her husband had been a confirmed drunkard. When he returned home at night intoxicated, both she and the children hid, for he was very cruel and whipped them. But, she added, since he gave his heart to Christ all had changed. Their home was a heaven on earth. Like so many of a similar history, this Indian man and wife first came to know Jesus Christ as their Savior in Dr. Dale's clinic.

But her clinic made a contribution to the foreign missionary enterprise much larger than these individual illustrations indicate. In a far larger way it served as a kind of forerunner which prepared the way for the gospel crusade. A little page of the history of the foreign missionary work in the Tampico field will make this clear.

When the Dales reached Tampico in 1919 they found that the revolution had destroyed all the churches of that field on the Coast. Only the two congregations in the city remained, and these had caught the nationalistic spirit so contagious

at that time and had separated from their mother church and had declared themselves independent of all ecclesiastical affiliations. They had advised the Foreign Mission Board in the United States to that effect. It was a self-evident fact that these two struggling congregations could not undertake the evangelization of the Tampico field, which had been assigned to our denomination. For that reason our Board ordered us to open a new mission in Tampico with the purpose of taking the gospel to all that Gulf Coast.

Our first service was hardly encouraging — only six persons attended — the Misses Stevenson and Neel, the lady missionaries; Dr. Dale; two natives; and the writer. At the end of eight years of missionary work in Tampico, the Lord had given us five organized congregations located in different districts of the city, with a membership of eight hundred. Each year evangelistic services were held in the five churches, and fully two hundred would accept the gospel and ask for baptism. Many of these had not been instructed in the gospel truth and were placed on a waiting list to be taught and received into the fellowship of the church later. "Mightily grew the Word of the Lord and prevailed."

What was the secret of this Pentecost of spiritual power that swept over Tampico? Not a little must be attributed to the seed sowing of the Presslys. "One soweth and another reapeth." Also, for many years the evangelical school, "El Instituto Juarez," through its teachers, the Misses Stevenson, Boyce, Gettys, Wallace, and Neel, had sown the seed of divine truth in the hearts of many children, to bear fruit in later years. Then through those eight years of evangelistic endeavor, the gospel had been preached from week to week. It was not the preaching of the mighty Moody or the silver-tongued Whitfield, but we have sought to proclaim the simple scriptural story of Calvary's Christ. It was Christ

and Christ crucified. We had labored to lift up the Cross; and He had promised, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." Beyond doubt He has fulfilled the promise, and the uplifted Cross in Tampico had wrought salvation in the lives of many of those converts.

But these causes are not sufficient to have brought about an effect so far-reaching as the revival that filled those five churches with eight hundred believers in so short a time. We must look for other causes that contributed their share. It was the clinic of Dr. Dale that had so much to do with this remarkable ingathering of souls. From 1919 and on through the years, crowds passed through her clinic. And those patients, numbering seventy and eighty each day, running into the thousands during the year, had heard the Bible read and its gospel explained. Many had bought a copy of that wonderful book and had taken tracts into their homes. Think of those Bibles and tracts going out from that clinic every day of those eight years. To be sure not all would take these treasures of scriptural truth to their homes; it is most likely that less than one-half would ever read with any serious care those portions of scripture. But would it be a wild guess to say that one-third read verses of these books and more than once? Think then of six thousand patients each year reading now and then these "exceeding great and precious promises of God." And remember that these thousands carried from Dr. Dale's clinic these messages of salvation for eight years. Nor must we forget the divine promise that "as the rain cometh down from heaven and returneth not thither but watereth the earth and maketh it to bring forth and bud that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater, so shall be My Word that goeth out of My mouth. It shall accomplish that whereunto I sent it." If God is faithful to fulfill His word, would we not, with severest logic, look for a mighty harvest

to follow this continuous seed-sowing in Dr. Dale's clinic among that great body of patients? Undoubtedly in Dr. Dale's clinic were generated influences that had much to do with the revival that stirred Tampico for those eight years and established the five congregations with their large membership. At that great day of His coming, when we shall all be caught up to appear before Him and receive the crowns for the souls won, many of those born again in Tampico will recognize Dr. Dale as their spiritual mother and praise God for her clinic where they for the first time heard of Him. The Rev. Enoc Butron, pastor of the church in Tampico, at the memorial service to Dr. Dale held in the church of Tampico, testified in these words: "Look at the churches in Rio Verde, Tampico, and Tamazunchale. They have been made up largely of men and women who have come to Christ through the instrumentality of the medical work of Dr. Katherine Neel Dale. In her clinic they got their first impulse that finally led them to Christ."

A committee sent out by the Board of Foreign Missions to study the work in Mexico, consisting of Dr. G. G. Parkinson and Mr. E. C. Stuart, were deeply impressed with the importance of the work that Dr. Dale was doing, along with the educational work of Miss Macie Stevenson and Miss Lavinia Neel, and the evangelistic work. They recommended the erection of a large building in Tampico which would serve as clinic, hospital, school, church, and living quarters for the missionaries. This building was to stand in the center of the city. The Board approved the recommendation of the committee and took steps toward the erection of the plant. In due time an architect, Mr. Robert Hemphill of Greenwood, South Carolina, was sent to Tampico to draw up plans for the proposed building. While Mr. Hemphill was still in Tampico, the Government began to enforce the new law of confiscation of all churches in the Republic as well

as all properties owned by religious bodies. This meant that the new building about to be built would automatically fall into the hands of the government. In view of this, no further steps were taken to carry out the plan which would have multiplied the efficiency of the different departments of the missionary work in the city of Tampico. However, the report of the committee indicated the very high estimate that they placed on Dr. Dale's work as well as that of the other missionaries.

Dr. Dale's work in Tampico was not only heavy but called for the utmost care in the preparation of medicines which she gave her patients. One day a lady came to her clinic complaining of an aching body. She was evidently suffering from malaria which is so very prevalent in the tropics. Dr. Dale gave her several capsules of quinine; but having taken capsules before, she was not willing to take any more. She said that they had made such a roar in her head that she was not sure whether that strange sound meant that the capsules were eating up her brain or that she was losing her mind. Dr. Dale persuaded her to take quinine in liquid form. The patient returned home and told her sister that the doctor had told her that she would get well in about fifteen days if she took three teaspoonfuls of the medicine each day. She said that she could not wait that long to be well and was going to drink the bottle of medicine all at once in order to get well in five minutes. This she proceeded to do. Had the medicine been other than quinine, she might have died in that distant village and enemies would have insisted that the evangelical missionary had killed her. The missionary would have had on hand a most serious problem.

Another woman came for treatment one day. She too was given a bottle of medicine of which she was to take

three teaspoonfuls daily. This was fully explained to her by Dr. Dale herself, as was her custom, and the nurse in charge of the drug room had written directions plainly on the bottle. Moreover, the label on the bottle bore an identification which would warn the patient to take the medicine with care for it was dangerous to take more than the specified dose. At midnight Dr. Dale was called to the home of the patient. The members of the family told the doctor that the patient was dying and that the medicine was killing her. The sufferer confessed that she had drunk a cupful of the medicine for one dose. Dr. Dale called a native doctor that he might bear witness to her innocence in the case. The two physicians labored for eight hours to save the poor woman, and finally they succeeded. Had the bottle been lost and had the woman died, Dr. Dale would surely have been accused of having given her the poison that had produced her death. She would have been involved in legal difficulties that would have been very serious.

To avoid such dangers, Dr. Dale examined personally all the medicines that were given to her patients even though they had been prepared by her faithful helpers. Very clearly it can be seen that this called for double work for her, which made her ministry much heavier. To examine thoroughly sixty or eighty patients in the morning, diagnose each case, and then examine personally each bottle that left the clinic with medicine, was a Herculean task which required extraordinary resources, both physical and mental.

Trouble also came from other quarters. One morning in Tampico a nicely dressed man walked into the clinic. He announced that he represented "El Imparcial," one of the daily newspapers of Mexico City. He had seen an article which an enemy of Dr. Dale had written for his paper. It

told of a hypodermic injection which had been given to a woman in the clinic. The story reported that the injection had been carelessly applied, infection had set in, and blood poisoning was imminent. The article was to be published the next day in Mexico City. For such a thing to happen would most certainly prove to be injurious to Dr. Dale's medical work as well as to her personally in the civil courts.

The visitor explained that the reporter, who was his friend, had taken no little time to get the data for the article. Thus only on receipt of twenty-five pesos would he be willing to throw the article into the waste-paper basket. The visitor had merely come as a friend (?) to advise Dr. Dale to send the reporter the money to save her from this embarrassment before the eyes of the public and before the law.

A telephone put us in touch with the city office of the newspaper, where we were informed that they knew nothing of the supposed article. While we were talking over the phone the visitor suddenly left the clinic.

The plot came to light when, shortly thereafter, a woman came to the clinic to tell how, on a previous occasion, one of the nurses had given her an injection. Because of a blood infection the injection had given her trouble and so she returned that Dr. Dale might correct the slight pain in her limb. She further reported that as she left the clinic that second time, she met on the street a nicely dressed man who began to ask her many questions about Dr. Dale and the disease for which she had come for treatment. It was then an open secret as to who the visitor was. From this woman he had gotten the data which he converted into his fake story. His scheme was to get twenty-five pesos.

Such experiences as this happened more than once and show clearly how enemies were constantly at work to hinder the missionary physician. Ever conscious and watchful of these schemes to bring her before court to face false accusations, Dr. Dale was constantly under severe nervous pressure. All this laid upon her shoulders extra burdens.

AMONG THE INDIANS

AN INDIAN knocked at the door of our home in Tampico one spring morning of 1928. He was an Aztec descendant of that noble race which, three and four million strong, inhabited and dominated the better part of Mexico prior to the coming of the Spaniard. This Indian tribe was warlike and brave. History tells us that after Cortez and his men had killed their king, Moctezuma, demolished many of their temples, desecrated their shrines and destroyed their idols, these Aztec Indians rose up in arms and sought to drive the Spaniard from their land. It was no easy matter, for they had only bows and arrows, spears and other crude weapons, while the Spaniard had guns and horses. Still on that fateful night so fiercely did the Aztecs fight that historians say the waters of Lake Texcoco around the causeway toward Tacuba ran red with blood. So terrific was the slaughter of the Spaniards that on the next morning stout-hearted Cortez sat down under the shade of a tree and wept over the disastrous results of that preceding night, recorded in history as "La Noche Triste" (the sad night). It was not until months later that Cortez and his men were able to recapture the capital of the Aztec kingdom.

Our visitor, Sr. Martin Mendoza, came from this worthy race. He was a native of Cozcatlan, a town in the region known in Mexico as the *Huasteca Potosina*, approximately one hundred and fifty miles from Tampico. He had heard

a little of the gospel and had come to see if we would not tell him more of this wonderful truth which had so gripped his heart. We secured work for him which would furnish food and lodging while he came daily for classes. For more than a year we helped him to get a better grasp of the fundamental things of the gospel. He soon gave his heart to Christ and was received into the fellowship of the evangelical church.

From the first he showed a deep interest in the evangelization of his people. He talked constantly of his race and of their great spiritual need. Christ had done for him what He had done for the maniac of Gadara. He had saved him from his life of want and wretchedness and had filled his heart with joy, satisfaction, and strength. Thus conscious of all that Christ had done for him, he felt a definite call from the Master to go home to his friends and kindred and tell them the good news of salvation. Heavier and heavier became the burden upon his heart. His constant talk about his people for whom little if anything had ever been done, kindled in our own hearts fires of compassion for the Indians and a desire to take them the gospel.

But how could we leave the Tampico field? God had blessed our labor in a most wonderful way. Dr. Dale's clinic was filled to overflowing day after day. Thousands of patients were coming to her for treatment, and in this way the clinic was bringing them in touch with the gospel. During those eight years the evangelistic work had grown by leaps and bounds. From two natives with whom the work began that Sabbath morning in the gospel service in the schoolroom, the number had grown to hundreds of baptized members and great numbers of adherents who were in training for acceptance into the church later. Could the Lord be calling us to another field?

We remembered Philip who took the gospel to Samaria, the city of the wicked Ahab. The good hand of God was upon him and great numbers turned to the Lord. Suddenly God called him to go to the South country. This call of the evangelist taught us that success on a given field is not a guarantee that God may not lead a servant away from that post where crowds come into the Kingdom. Then to make the leading more clear, the Lord began to close the doors in Tampico.

Enemies saw the large crowds that were attending Dr. Dale's clinic. They refused to believe that she was carrying on her medical ministry out of sheer love for the suffering and devotion to the Lord. They would not accept the interpretation that she was giving her medicines and her services at a moderate rate to the poor and did not charge the very poor anything. One of them high up in authority said to me that for him and his associates it was unthinkable that a lady of culture and a graduate from a standard medical school, would leave her country and live among the poorer classes with no motive other than a desire to lend a helping hand to the sick and suffering. These enemies insisted that Dr. Dale was making large sums of money from these thousands coming to her for medicine. And it was money, they felt, that should have gone to their pocket and not to that of a foreigner. They began to plot how they might close her clinic. Taking advantage of a law whose interpretation might be stretched to an extreme, they, through politicians, forbade her to have a few drugs in her office. This they knew would put an end to her clinic, for she needed to have a small supply of drugs to be able to give the medicines to the poor at a very low rate and to let the very poor have their medicines gratis. Any reasonable interpretation of the law would allow her to carry a small supply of drugs. Other physicians in the city had such a supply in their

offices; why should she, legally registered, not have the same right? We appealed to higher authorities, but the nationalistic spirit held the decision against us and she had to close her clinic in Tampico. With this door shut, the call from the Indians rang more clearly in our ears, and deeper became the conviction that God was calling us to the mountains to labor among the Indians. The Spirit led the apostle of the Gentiles that way. The door was closed on the right hand that led into Galatia. It was then shut on the left hand that once opened into Bithynia. His only recourse was to move forward and heed the Macedonian call from the man across the sea. It did seem that that bit of missionary history was repeating itself in our experience. This closed door in Tampico intensified the clarion call from Indianland: "Come over and help us."

Friends insisted that we were misreading the finger-pointing of Divine Providence, that we had given foreign missions three decades of service and that we should retire to the homeland for rest. But how could we retire when the harvest fields were so white and the laborers so few? How could we come home to rest when the larger part of the population of that land was totally ignorant of the gospel story of the love of our Father God that moved Him to send His Son to give His life for the world? How could we leave in the mountains the millions of Indians whose suffering, sorrow and sinning were sounding in our ears with the appeal of thunder? The command of the Lord was ringing with clarion clearness. It would be glorious to labor among them, share their joys and sorrows, and lie at last under the green sod of Indianland to rise up with them when the Master comes in the clouds.

Assuredly gathering that the Lord had called us to preach the gospel to the Aztecs, we set our faces to go into Indianland. Suddenly there rose up before us a difficulty as for-

midable as was the Red Sea in the path of Israel. Our Foreign Mission Board had the most hearty sympathy for us and our purpose of taking the gospel to the Indians of the interior of Mexico, but they had no funds for new work of this kind. The establishing of such a mission in the mountains called for a large expenditure of funds for the erection of buildings such as a mission house, dormitories for the training school, hospital for the medical work, the salaries of missionaries and native helpers to carry on the task of evangelizing the Indians. The Board was willing for us to undertake the Herculean task of preaching the gospel to the different tribes of Indians, but they could not underwrite the program. What should we do? What could we do but go forward? Had not the Lord told us to go and teach all nations? And had He not said that He would go with all who should obey His command? Did He not say, "I am with you every day to the end"? Would He not go with us even though the mission treasury was empty? Would He withdraw His promise to go with us because the home church had failed to bring the tithes into His storehouse? Ten thousand times No! God is faithful though all men be faithless. If we should go to the Indians, looking to Him to supply all our need, even financial needs, He would be all to us that God had been to Elijah even though He had to send the ravens with food. He is faithful. He can not deny Himself.

We were willing to trust Him. The writer left the States for Tamazunchale, San Luis Potosi, in January, 1930. We had planned that both of us should come together, but Dr. Dale was not well and she rested for a month in a sanatorium in Atlanta, Georgia. At first and until we could build a house, our home in Tamazunchale consisted of two rooms. The floors were mother earth and the roof was made of grass, the hiding place of all manner of creeping things

— spiders, cockroaches, alacranes (very poisonous), rats, snakes, etc. One room was living room, bedroom and clinic, while the other room was the kitchen. The dining room was under the open sky. Vegetables could be had only once each week, as none were planted in Indianland. They were brought from Tampico and San Luis Potosi, more than one hundred and fifty miles distant. Until the highway came, our only contact with the outside world was by way of mule or donkey over a road that led to the nearest railroad — seventy-five miles across the mountains and five bridgeless rivers. Dr. Dale came to Indianland knowing that these conditions awaited her, and yet she faced these hardships with the cheer and enthusiasm of a young missionary going to the mission field for the first time.

According to the statistics of the Mexican Government, there are five million Indians in the Republic of Mexico — that is, pure-blooded Indians. They are grouped in forty-five tribes and are found in different sections of the country. The Aztec tribe alone has a membership of 517,000. They live in the mountains and are as much separated from the Mexican people as are the Jews from the Gentiles. Each tribe has its own language.

Fully three-quarters of a century ago the evangelical denominations of the United States established gospel missions in Mexico. They have done a magnificent work looking toward the evangelization of that land. They have established and developed congregations in most of the large centers of the Republic and in many of the smaller towns. However, little or nothing has been done for the rural and mountainous districts. Evangelical missionaries have waited for the Indians to come down from the mountains to the commercial centers where the gospel is being preached, but the results have been most disappointing. Here and there an Indian has been converted but the masses have not been

reached for the Lord. If they are to be evangelized, missions must be established in the mountains where they are and the gospel be taken to them in their own tongue.

In April 1934 the Pioneer Mission Agency of Philadelphia asked the Foreign Mission Board to lend the Dales to them to organize the Mexican Indian Mission. It was felt that the time had come to launch a forward movement for the evangelization of the Indians of Mexico. The Mexican Indian Mission was to be an interdenominational movement, operated very much like the China Inland Mission. The Pioneer Mission Agency very kindly offered to sponsor the new mission and from the first has given most efficient help. To be sure, their sponsorship has nothing to do with finances. The mission must look to God to supply all its needs. The Pioneer Mission Agency has no funds of its own and can give only moral support and counsel.

Missionary operations were opened at Tamazunchale, and from this center we sought to evangelize the Aztecs. When the work had been organized in this tribe and we were ready to enter the Totonaca country, it became necessary to bring more missionary workers from the States. The Pioneer Mission Agency found that their charter would not permit them to send our missionaries, but they helped us to form a Home Council which has to do with the selection of new missionaries and all other matters pertaining to the direction of the work. Dr. R. C. McQuilkin, President of Columbia Bible College, Columbia, South Carolina, is chairman of our Home Council.

The Lord has moved the hearts of friends to send funds with which a hospital was erected at Tamazunchale for the medical work of Dr. Dale. Two trained nurses, Senioritas Eladia Solis and Rebecca Arancivia, have been most efficient helpers in the work. The medical work has been a great blessing to the Indians. At first they did not understand the

purpose of the clinic. They could not believe that Dr. Dale and her assistants had come with no other motive than sympathy for them in their suffering. So often had they been deceived that they felt that behind the offer of giving treatment and medicines free to the very poor there was a hidden motive. At first a few came to the clinic. They returned to the mountains with the good news that Dr. Dale and the helpers really loved the Indians and had come to bring medicines that would make them well and strong. Very soon crowds began to come. Often they came on foot, traveling forty and fifty miles. It was not an uncommon thing to see a husband bringing his sick wife in a chair tied to his back, having made a trip of twenty or thirty miles across the mountains. Patients too ill to walk were brought on cots. Fully ten thousand Indians came to the clinic each year, coming from a territory with a radius of fifty and seventy-five miles.

The Indian's need of medical help constituted for Dr. Dale a great appeal. Mexico has some excellent medical schools, and from them go well qualified physicians, many of whom have done post-graduate work in the large universities of Europe and the United States. Eminent physicians may be found in the large cities and smaller towns, but these do not reach the Indians. The latter, living in the mountains, are too timid to travel long distances to consult these physicians. Worse still, these physicians do not speak the Indian languages; and the Indians, a large percentage of them at least, do not speak Spanish. The Indian is very poor and not able to pay the medical fees. Thus statistics show that while there is in Mexico one physician for every 10,231 of the population, among the Indians there is only one to every 40,270. That means that only some 125 physicians are within reach of five million Indians.

The situation of the Indian was the more appealing to Dr. Dale because she noticed that not only did he not have competent medical aid, but that he lived under the withering curse of the witch doctor. Those medicine men practice their cures in line with the current ideas of the Indians. The latter believe that when a person dies his soul does not leave this world at all. It enters a tree, stone, or animal, and from time to time, takes vengeance on the living. These spirits may steal the soul of the living and thus cause sickness, or may enter the body of the person with the same results. To the Indians, therefore, not bacteria but these evil spirits cause sickness. The juices of certain herbs and roots may effect a cure for minor troubles, but in the case of the more serious maladies the witch doctor is called. He is the only person thought to be capable of communicating with and appeasing these angry spirits. Using mysterious gesticulations and strange utterances, he speaks to the spirits to release the soul of the sick or to leave the body of the one afflicted.

The case of one Indian, Don Margarito, his illness and cure (?), will show the power of these witch doctors. This Indian had had a slight stroke of paralysis years ago. It affected one of his lower limbs. The witch doctor, however, assured him that he could cure him. His charges would be fifteen pesos and twelve jars full of "*mexcal*" (whiskey) and twelve fat turkeys. He was to receive all this before the actual treatment could begin. With great sacrifice the payment was made. The witch doctor then explained that the secret of the infirmity was that the evil spirits had taken refuge in a little white porcelain doll which was hid somewhere in Don Margarito's hut. He explained in great detail that to locate this little doll required special wisdom but that this requirement he possessed. The day was set for the search for the doll.

One day before, the witch doctor watched his opportunity when Don Margarito's family was away from their home. He slipped into the hut, which was easily done as the Indian rarely ever locks the door. He dug a little hole in the dirt floor and there hid the doll. Upon the day appointed for the cure, a large crowd of Indians in the village came to see the witch doctor work his mighty wonders. First they ate the twelve turkeys which had been prepared for the occasion. Then they all drank the twelve "*ollas*" (pots) of whiskey. They crowded into the one room of the hut where the evil spirit was supposed to be hid. The witch doctor pushed a hole through the grass roof of the hut to let the sunshine in. Then he dramatically began his strange contortions of body and shrieking cries that struck terror into the hearts of the drunken crowd. When the emotions were high, he fixed his little mirror so that it would catch the rays of sunlight which came through the hole in the roof and flashed the reflected light into the eyes of the intoxicated mob. As he danced about the room with the crowd swaying in unison, he suddenly pounced upon the spot where the doll had been buried. Snatching it from its hiding place, he dashed it to pieces, all the while shouting that Don Margarito would now be well of his paralysis. The mob yelled with delight that the witch doctor had shown such profound wisdom that he could locate the evil spirit and was able to drive it from the paralyzed limb. However, poor Don Margarito has dragged that useless limb now these fifteen years since that remarkable cure but still the faith in the power of the witch doctor has never wavered.

It is little wonder that the tender heart of Dr. Dale should have looked with great compassion on these sick and superstitious Indians so completely under the power of the witch doctor. She longed to help them. She was quick to see the wide-open door of opportunity through which she might

enter to impart to these unfortunate victims of witchcraft the great blessings of medical science. Now she was able to see clearly why God had permitted the doors of service in Tampico to be closed. He had brought her, like Esther, to the kingdom at a time marvelous in its opportunities for helping the poor Indian. She would save thousands from a bondage of witchcraft more galling than that of Pharaoh's taskmasters. Often, so very often, in her prayers she thanked and praised God for having brought her to the service of the Indians.

Not infrequently her medical ministry won the witch doctor himself. Don Alejandro was a witch doctor who lived in the mountains west of Tamazunchale, about ten miles away. Through the hill country, he had built up a wonderful reputation because of his skill in the use of herbs and roots and his power over the evil spirits. He himself became sick one day and his sickness would not yield to his treatment or herbs or to incantations which he had used so effectively in driving away the spirits from other sick bodies. His friends began to tell him of the *doctorcita* in Tamazunchale and of her kindness and efficiency, but he hesitated to come to her. After all, would that not be to acknowledge to his villagers that the doctor had more power than he? However, as his illness grew worse, he determined to seek medical advice. A friend brought him to Dr. Dale's clinic. He returned three or four times, and to his surprise he soon was completely well. Best of all, Dr. Dale won him for Christ. She invited him to her church and he accepted the invitation, though with some reluctance. Her kindness had completely won him, and he felt that the teaching of so kind a friend must be good. He yielded to Christ and became a most devoted Christian.

Immediately the fires of persecution began to burn. Don Alejandro's little child died, and the authorities of the village

refused to permit him to bury it in the village graveyard. Months later, one night about eleven o'clock, a mob broke into his little hut and tied a rope about his neck and led him to the courthouse of the village. There he was hung up by his thumbs while the crowd taunted him for forsaking the religion of his fathers. On toward morning, with his thumbs now purple, Don Alejandro told the crowd of the intense pain that they were causing him; but then with a smile he told them that this pain he was more than willing to endure for the sake of Him who had endured the cross for him. At daylight, seeing that Don Alejandro's spirit could not be broken, they released him with curses.

Dr. Dale's clinic also had much to do with the moral regeneration of the Indians. The race is given to the vice of intemperance. Fully seventy-five per cent drink and drink to excess. For the making of their *pulque*, millions of acres of land are utilized in the cultivation of the maguey plant. This intoxicating drink is indeed the curse of the Indian. The writer once asked an Indian lad on the road if his people drank much whiskey, to which he replied, "Yes, it is their calling." Every event in Indian life is accompanied by whiskey-drinking — their burials, baptisms, planting, harvest festivals, etc.

The Bibles, gospels and tracts that went out from Dr. Dale's clinic each day, along with her personal counsel to avoid the use of whiskey if they wished to be well and strong, constituted a most effective campaign against alcohol. The leading planter of a certain village had a large distillery that furnished the Indians with thousands of gallons of whiskey each year. Dr. Dale was his family physician. One day he jokingly remarked to her that she had ruined his business. He insisted that since the Bible and the evangelical faith had entered his village, he could not sell his alcohol and thus had to ship it to a faraway market.

One day an old Indian woman, Dona Maria, about seventy years of age, came to the clinic. She had walked twenty-five miles to reach the place. She was an habitual drunkard, and her seven full-grown sons were drunkards also. Five of these sons were now fathers of large families which, too, were given over to the drink habit. Dona Maria found the gospel and Christ in Dr. Dale's clinic. Several times she returned for treatment. She was saved—body, soul, and spirit. The Bible truth and personal testimony of Dr. Dale wielded a mighty influence on her. She gave up whiskey and, like all the Indian converts, of her own accord also gave up tobacco. They reason that if the body is the temple of the Holy Spirit, then a Christian should not defile his body, the temple of God, with nicotine.

Dona Maria began gospel work in her home, and within two years she had won all those sons with their families. They were all baptized and all gave up drinking. The Lord had used the clinic, His gospel, and His servant, to put into operation a train of influences in that village which consequently transformed that entire family with all its connections.

It is thrilling to contemplate the fact that each day Bibles, New Testaments, and gospel tracts went out from Dr. Dale's clinic to distant places in the mountains. Often these little messengers of truth and salvation were carried to nooks and corners hidden away in the mountains where no colporteur or missionary would ever go. With these revelations of divine truth, the Holy Spirit could reveal to these humble readers the plan of salvation, and eternity alone will bring to light how many believers came to know Christ through the instrumentality of these messages of revealed truth, so often fragmentary.

An Indian from the mountains came one day and bought a Bible. He told his family that they should not read the

book until he had examined the contents. He began to read and was so charmed that he insisted that he had read it through from Genesis to Revelation in fifteen days and nights. So deeply had the truth gripped him that he read the Bible three times in quick succession in a period of forty-five days. He testified that he would read until his eyes would burn with weariness. Then he announced to his family his great find. The book was without any doubt the Word of God. They all promised to seek to live by its counsel. He told them what the book had to say about the little gods that were hanging all around the walls. Promptly they took them all down and broke them into pieces. He read many of the commandments of God, to which they all assented. Then he came to the word, "Be ye not angry." His wife remembered that she had at times completely lost her temper and said things which she recognized as bad. She asked her husband what she should do when she became angry and felt something that was like boiling inside of her breast. He replied to her that the advice of the good Book was to repeat the Lord's Prayer and then it would become cool inside. He had learned from the Word of God the sure way to keep sweet under the most provoking circumstances.

TRAINING INDIAN GIRLS

THE upper classes of society in Mexico have built for themselves beautiful homes. They were erected, in many cases, years ago following the Spanish pattern of architecture. The house, either square or rectangular, was built about a *patio* and thus entirely closed to the outside world except for the large *zaguan* (gate) leading to the street. This form of habitation gave to the home the desired privacy and protection. This was necessary hundreds of years ago when the rural district and small towns were a constant prey to bandit elements. The patio in the center is one large flower garden filled with beautiful flowers, birds in cages, and walks. The Mexican woman loves flowers. On missionary tours we often pass little huts in isolated sections of the country; and about the home, though it be a most humble hut, there are always flowers of various sorts. Often the home is located in a desert country and the women have to bring the water for miles on their heads, and yet so keen is their love for flowers that this sacrifice is gladly made.

The Indian home, however, is a very humble structure, for as a race they are very poor and can not afford the luxuries of the upper classes. The typical Indian home is generally one room and is made of upright poles with a thatched roof of grass. The whole hut is supported without the use of a single nail. Grass, rafters, and poles are all tied together with vines; and so skillfully is this done that the hut will stand for more than a lifetime. The one door furnishes

all the ventilation. At night, grass mats are spread upon the mud floor for sleeping purposes. Now and then the Indian will daub the walls of his hut with mud, but most often this extra touch of architecture is not given. The winter wind is thus given a full right-of-way to blow through the hut night and day. If the cold wave is too chilly, the Indians will build a fire in the middle of the room and the family will huddle about it. Instead of doors with hinges, the Indian uses a dozen or more poles which are placed in sockets. These are taken out to open an entrance into the hut, and replaced each time. Not infrequently this one room will serve also for a kitchen and dining room. In one corner of the room the mother builds her fire between three rocks on which she places her *comal*, a circular earthen griddle, eighteen inches in diameter. This equipment is her stove. The smoke goes up to the roof to escape as best it can through any small crevice that it may find. Very few are the cases where an Indian hut is lost by fire from a spark as it squeezes its way through the small crevices.

According to the Indian program of life, the mother of the home is the beast of burden. If she and her husband take a trip of five or even ten miles, she carries the baby on her back, strapped tight in a shawl. The husband always walks in front and the wife behind. The Indians even in large numbers always travel in single file. The wife must get up very early in the morning to prepare the breakfast for her husband and family. At noon she is required to take his lunch to the field where he is working. Sometimes this is a mile or more away. She can not leave her baby at home, so she straps him on her back and sets out for the field in the heat of the day. In addition to this, the Indian mother does all the washing for the family, and water has to be carried on her head in small pots up the steep mountain sides. Her heaviest task, however, is that of grinding the

corn for the *tortillas* (corncakes). The process is quite simple but requires both time and effort. The corn is first washed and boiled in lime water. Then it is placed on a *metate* — a flat rock about two feet long and eighteen inches wide. With a *metlapil*, a round and long stone that resembles the old-fashioned rolling-pin, she mashes the corn into a kind of dough. Then she takes a handful of this dough and pats it with her two hands into a cake the size and shape of a hot-cake. This she puts on the *comal*, placed over the fire, and it is cooked quickly. According to the Indian idea of the fitness of things, the husband sits down to the little homemade table two feet high, while the wife must make and serve the corncakes hot to him. This task of grinding corn is very exacting and draws very heavily on the strength of the body. This is one reason why the mortality among Indian women of the lower classes has been great in years past. During these modern times the gasoline motors have come into most of the cities and towns and little mills for grinding the corn have been installed. However, the poor women of the rural districts, and especially the Indian women who live in the mountains, have not come to enjoy this help that the modern motor offers. The lot of the Indian mother is hard.

To add to her life of drudgery, the Indian father frequently is a drunkard. The planter who does not treat his laborers to whiskey at the close of the day has difficulties in getting men to work for him. A large percentage of the women also drink to excess. When under the influence of drink, the Indian husband is very cruel. He claims the right to whip his wife with no interference. One of the colporteurs, now a most consecrated and capable worker, tells how he often whipped his wife when under the influence of whiskey and would drag her by the hair to the river and there endeavor to drown her, unless she humored his whims.

The Indian woman can not read or write. Fully ninety-five per cent do not know even the letters of the alphabet. It is a dreary life which they must lead, with no books and papers to break the monotony of life each day. Hers is a life of labor, drudgery, and intellectual, social, and spiritual darkness. Little wonder that one rarely sees an aged Indian woman, for as a rule they are doomed to an early death.

The life of the Indian woman made a tremendous appeal to Dr. Dale. These "shut-ins" of the mountains, living such monotonous lives of darkness, sorrow, and superstition, touched her deeply. She longed to bring the balm of comfort to their sinning, suffering homes. Many were coming to her clinic and were being released from the bondage of bodily pain. However, she realized too well that multitudes of Indians stricken with horrible diseases and lying on their little grass mats on mud floors, could never come to her clinic for treatment. Much of this illness, she knew full well, could have been prevented with the proper care and diet. A half a dozen years of primary schooling would broaden their intellectual horizon, quicken wholesome ambitions, and dispel the darkness of gross superstitions that bound so many of them like chains of slavery. Above all, she longed to take the Light of life into those homes and give them the Christian life with its rich joy and peace. She by the grace of God, would give them this heavenly heritage.

This fond hope was being partially fulfilled in her clinic day by day. From that gospel center she was sending out Bibles, tracts, and Christian influences to countless mountain homes. However, she could not be satisfied with this. She realized that the ministry, good as it might be, was like endeavoring to talk to hearers seated at the rear of a large auditorium. She must more perfectly identify herself with the Indians, and at closer range, in order to bring them more directly and more deeply in touch with Him who gives light

and life. To do this, she would have to come into closer contact with the Indian woman and make her the leverage that would lift the Indian home toward heaven. Through the spiritual life of the Indian mother the wayward husband's life would be transformed. Her personality, once fully possessed by the Holy Spirit, would bring up the children in the fear and admonition of the Lord. It was the Indian woman who must be reached for Christ and holy living. This was the problem that gave Dr. Dale sleepless nights and kept her in constant prayer to God.

The training of little Indian girls was the key that would unlock the door and lead these homes out into the light of better and happier days. But how could she get them together from such a widely scattered area? How could she keep in constant personal touch with them? How could she give them educational advantages? Because of the new laws, all our evangelical schools had been closed. How could she train them in gospel truth and throw about them the wholesome and sanctifying influences of a Christian home? After long prayer and thought her plan crystallized. She would open a dormitory under the care and supervision of a competent Christian woman. The little Indian girls would attend the public school of the town. In the dormitory they would study the Bible, hygiene, cooking, and the preparation of a more balanced diet which would in after years bring health and strength to the Indian homes from which they had come. Her dormitory would be a training camp where the Indian girls would be prepared mentally, socially, and spiritually, to establish in later years a thoroughly Christian home. These homes would then be centers of light in their villages and living exponents of what Bethany must have been, a home where Jesus loved to visit.

The girls' dormitory was opened in Tamazunchale in 1940 with eighteen girls selected from representative Indian



The Pan-American Highway near Tamazunchale



The Dales' first home in Tamazunchale

congregations. The following year there were twenty-one and then in 1942 twenty-six. Since the Indians are very poor, the parents could provide only the clothes for the girls. The Mission gives them room and board.

At the close of the last scholastic year (December, 1941) their final examinations in the local school showed most gratifying results. All the little girls made their grades, in spite of the fact that many of them did not know one word of Spanish at the beginning of the school year. One evening, at a closing exercise in the dormitory, the entire group of Indian girls recited from memory the shorter catechism. A rapid-fire series of questions for more than an hour showed that they had a splendid grasp of biblical history, prophecy, and New Testament truth. After a short address by the writer the entire group of girls arose and pledged the Lord to give Him their hearts and promised to take as best they could the gospel to their homes and villages during the vacation which was to follow.

More than once the lady principal of the school of our town congratulated Dr. Dale on the praiseworthy work which she was doing for Indian womanhood. Though herself a Catholic, still she expressed her appreciation as well as that of her people for the golden opportunity Dr. Dale was giving these girls, who otherwise would have remained in homes of superstition and ignorance.

This department of her work gave Dr. Dale great and lasting joy, second only to that of her clinic. She dearly loved the Indians. Those who heard her speak at conferences will recall how often she referred to them as "my poor Indians." Their poverty—social, intellectual, and spiritual—was like a burden upon her heart. The Indian made a great appeal to her, especially the Indian children. Every morning when she came to her clinic, she first went through the girls' dormitory to see her girls. She was eager to be sure

that they were all well in body before they should set out for school, that they were acquitting themselves worthily as Christian girls in the schoolroom where there were many who were not believers, and that they were getting the best advantages for the development of their spiritual lives.

One of the sweetest pictures of the last days Dr. Dale spent on earth, was the service which she held for her Indian girls each Sabbath afternoon in her home. With bright faces they gathered about her, very much as appreciative children come to a devoted mother's knee. They sang the Bible songs which they liked best, and how they did sing! All the Indian believers sing so much that they are known in their respective villages as the "singing people." Christ has done great things for them, and they sing His praises. After several of these songs had been sung, accompanied by one of their number on the organ, each little girl would recite from memory her favorite verse from the Bible, and many would tell why they loved that particular one. Then Dr. Dale would always give them a simple message. With something of a mother's love, she thought of them as her spiritual children, and how her heart did burn with consuming desire to inspire them with holiest ambitions and to make simple for them the message of Christ who stood at the door of their hearts seeking admittance. Her little talks, tender and uplifting, were followed by a chain of prayers in which each of the little girls took part. Their prayers were always simple and beautiful in the Indian tongue. Dr. Katherine always closed the chain of petitions with a prayer for the girls. What prayers those were that came from her lips—so sweet, so tender, and so moving. She drew one so close to God that He seemed but an arm's-length away. The little service over, she always had for them peanuts or candies which she had bought the day before and which she now distributed among them. From this

holy Sabbath hour the little girls went to their dormitory, their little faces smiling with the joy of a spring morning.

How these little Indian girls did love Dr. Dale! Each morning when she entered the girls' dormitory, they would leave their little domestic tasks and gather about her, for she always had for them a smile and a cheerful word. If these girls had been away on a short visit home, upon returning to the dormitory they always came running to meet her, their faces shining with smiles of keen joy, just as children meet their father or mother from whom they have been separated for many months. Not infrequently one of them would put her arms about Dr. Dale and, with a heart bubbling with joy, whisper into her ear how very happy she was that she could go to school and to church in order to learn about the things of God. For those of us who saw so often these manifestations of sincere gratitude and gladness, they are sweet pictures which will never be forgotten.

However, the saddest and yet the sweetest picture of Dr. Dale's last days was the morning when she left for the hospital in the United States. It was to be a drive of seven hundred miles, and thus we were having to leave at daybreak. The car had to pass by the girls' dormitory. The little Indian girls knew that she was going to the hospital in a critical condition. They had, therefore, all come out to the roadside to say goodbye, not with their usual smiles but with a sadness that could not be mistaken. They saw her pinched face and knew too well that she was suffering intense pain. She had done so much for them, and though children, they felt deeply the meaning of it all. It was easy to see that their faces were reflecting not a little of the shadow that had fallen on the face of her who had always had a smile for them. Dr. Dale knew that it was the last time on earth that she would see her girls, and she asked the driver of the car not to stop for she could not say goodbye to them. The

car drove swiftly by. All understood why, and that added deeper sadness to the situation. It will be a long time before the girls and the rest of us will forget that hour. It was one of the scenes of life that stirs the deepest depths of the soul.

While in the hospital in San Antonio, Texas, Dr. Dale's face would be wreathed in smiles when there was a letter from one of the little Indian girls. In a handwriting very familiar and precious to her, they told her how much they loved her, how they missed her so much, and how they were praying to God that He would soon send her back to them.

THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN

THE vergers who show travelers the monuments that mark the graves of the honored dead of Great Britain are always wont to point out a particular monument which otherwise would be unnoticed, so humble and unassuming is it. This tombstone has this simple inscription: "Christopher Wren. Born 1632. Died 1723. If you would see his monument look around."

If you would see the monument of Dr. Dale look about the mission field where she labored. North, south, east, and west may be found those who rise up and call her blessed. There is the multitude whom she made strong in body and that other multitude whom she led to the feet of the Lord Jesus Christ. From the city of Victoria on the north, two hundred miles to Tuxpan on the south; from Tampico on the east, three hundred miles to San Luis Potosi on the west, over an area of six thousand square miles may be found thousands and thousands whom she touched by her medical work and who have been made sad by her home-going.

The simple fact is that when she sought vacation for rest on the mission field she always had to go beyond the bounds of the mission, so many were her friends who would come to visit her. She had to travel at least two hundred miles from her home to get to a quiet place where she might have

the desired rest. Dr. Macie Stevenson, one of her fellow missionaries for forty or more years, speaking at a memorial service held in honor of Dr. Dale, said that all over the mission field were natives who looked to her for help and comfort as a child looks to its mother in time of trouble. This great host of friends had come to know her through her clinic. She had relieved their pains and had spoken words of comfort to them in their dark hours. So deep and lasting had the bond of love grown between them and their benefactor that Dr. Stevenson could liken it only to that sweet tie that binds the child to its mother.

A conservative estimate of the patients who passed through her clinic during the years of labor on the mission field will reach almost half a million souls. This the annual reports of her work will abundantly confirm. The Income Tax Inspector saw the large crowds that came daily to her clinic and estimated that she was making a fortune. Over and over again we explained to him that hers was a charitable institution. He always replied that he could not believe that a qualified physician would leave her homeland and give her time and labor to so much charity. Thus he year after year rated her income tax on the basis of \$8,000.00 (pesos) per year. It was the large number of patients that attracted him and made him rate her income tax so high.

A group of professional men in the city of Tampico made unceasing war on her. They insisted that the thousands of patients who were attending her clinic were paying large quantities of money which otherwise would have gone into their own pockets. Had her patients been few in number, they would never have taken up arms against her. It was that such tremendous crowds were going to her for medical treatment. It was not a religious war against her,

for they cared little or nothing what religious creed she might have brought into their land. It was of no concern to them that she was distributing to her patients the great Book of morals and salvation from sin. They were willing for her to bear personal testimony to her patients that Christ had filled her life with supernatural joy and made her an heir of eternal glory. It was a matter of dollars and dimes. From these large crowds she must have been collecting large sums of money which they felt should have come to them. It was an eloquent testimony to her popularity as a physician.

She achieved this popularity in the face of the most stubborn opposition on every field where she labored. Religious fanaticism sought to alienate the people from her clinic. Shameful falsehoods were circulated about her and her religion. On one mission field her enemies whispered to those who were coming to her clinic that she and her fellow missionaries worshipped the devil in secret. These and countless other slanders were meant to drive the sick from her clinic. However, so deep was their love for her and their faith in her medical ability and medicines, that they broke through all these barriers of opposition and filled her waiting room.

How shall we explain her unusual popularity? To say that it was because she charged the poor very little and the very poor nothing, will not explain the phenomenal success that came to her in her medical missionary service. One must remember that a large percentage of her patients came from the higher classes, so much so that she had to arrange her office hours for these who could pay for her professional services and who did not want to wait for hours in the clinic. The charitable feature of her clinic will explain something of her popularity, but the larger percentage of it can be explained only on other grounds.

Two patent facts will solve the problem for us. The first of these was her medical skill. When Dr. Dale had finished her course of study in the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia, she was appointed interne in the hospital of the same institution. This of itself speaks eloquently as to the estimate that the faculty of the college placed upon her ability and fitness for the practice of medicine.

The Rev. Ramos Castillo was pastor of the First Baptist Church of Tampico for six or eight years while Dr. Dale was laboring in that port. He had ample opportunity to study her medical missionary work. At the memorial service held in that city he said, "The 'Doctora' was truly a medical genius. Her diagnosis was always confirmed by the other doctors. I had the privilege of speaking in her hospitals to the sick ones gathered there. I saw there her medical and spiritual works. God had set her apart for a great work, endowing her with a great genius along with great Christian virtues. There are many brilliant people in the world who think only of material things, but few people of genius such as she, used their knowledge and life in the service of man and of God. 'Many daughters have done virtuously but thou excellest them all'."

Dr. John R. Edwards was a missionary in charge of the Rio Verde field during the larger part of her medical missionary labors there. He saw her work day after day for years, and bears this testimony: "Dr. Katherine Dale was a great physician. Those of us who were already on the field felt when Dr. Katherine Neel, afterwards Dr. Katherine Dale, came as a medical missionary to Mexico that not only the missionaries and their families but thousands of the sick and helpless of Mexico were being greatly favored of God, and so it came to be . . . I knew that the blood of

physicians coursed her veins. Her father, brother, and other near relatives were unusually splendid physicians and surgeons. I knew also the thorough preparation which she had made for the practice of her chosen profession. So when she came to practice medicine in Mexico, I expected something unusual. Both my experience and observation fully justified my expectations. In my own family, for instance, serious cases of illness developed, among the children especially. Placed in Dr. Dale's care, we felt that everything would be done for them that the medical profession could offer. I remember visiting in a home where one of God's saints lay bedridden with a supposedly incurable trouble. This was weeks before the new doctor came, and the one hope of the sick one was the Christian doctor coming from the United States. When the new doctor did come, by her knowledge and skill health came again to the sick one. From the first her ability as a physician was recognized in Rio Verde and surrounding country, and it was not long before the demands upon her were beyond her strength. She was most fortunate with her patients both in diagnosis and treatment. If it had been otherwise, a storm of persecution from fanatical priests would have ruined her name and practice. She served so many thousands in a competent way with her knowledge and skill as a physician that her departure from Rio Verde was felt to be a calamity."

Another fact will help us to understand the firm hold which she had on the love and confidence of the rank and file of the sick who came to her for treatment. Many, many came to her because of her kindness of heart. Everywhere she was known as the "doctorcita," which means "little doctor." Her heart was wonderfully kind. She often spent the whole night at the bedside of a poor sick woman for

whom she had done all that medical science could suggest. For hours she would stroke the feverish brow of the sick woman, give her sips of water for her parched tongue, and all the while talk to her about the love of her compassionate Savior. Ordinarily the physician would have felt that everything possible had been done and he would have gone home to rest, but not so with Dr. Dale. She would stay until morning, knowing full well that her clinic would be full of patients in the forenoon of the coming day awaiting her. She knew, too, that the poor woman did not have so much as five cents with which to pay for her professional services. Very often a distressed mother would come to her clinic bringing a daughter who had gone far along the broad way of sin and was now reaping the bitter fruits of her seed sowing. Both mother and daughter needed help. Her clinic might be full of patients, thirty or forty waiting their turn for consultation and medicines, yet Dr. Dale would take the two into her office and there give the daughter helpful counsel. She would put her arms about the mother and speak words of comfort and hope. Best of all, with great tenderness she would pray with them and lead them to the feet of the Savior who alone could bind up the broken heart, give "beauty for ashes and the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." Often wives of drunkards came to her with their story of suffering and tears. Her personality, radiant with tenderness and kindness drew such sorrowing souls to her like a magnet. She never was too busy, whether compounding medicines or examining the sick, that she would not take all the time needed to lend a helping hand to these distressed souls traveling along such a rugged road.

Her kind ministry brings to mind the fabled goddess of ancient mythology. The other gods disdained to associate with the suffering poor, but this goddess came down from

the mount each night to visit the homes of the poor and distressed. So quiet was her ministry among the suffering and sorrowing that her benefactors rarely saw her as she came and went. By the fruits of kindness she left as she passed along, it was known the next morning that she had come that way. If she found by the roadside a stagnant pool, unsightly and bringing disease to all, she left it a bed of fragrant roses. She changed decayed logs into trees laden with luscious fruits. Did she find homes where the ragged children were crying for bread or lying in beds burning with fever or groaning with pain and too poor for medical relief, she always left them feasting with a table laden with good things to eat, the sick all well, and the entire home as happy as gay birds singing in the spring morning.

The life ministry of Dr. Dale was much akin to this goddess of legendary lore. Flowers of kindness and blessing sprang all along the way she traveled. Her school companions say that when she was a student in the Woman's College of Due West, it was one of the regulations of the college that each of the girls at the opening of the scholastic year should select from the student body a girl who should be a companion to her when the student body left the campus for walks into the country or when they visited the stores of the town to do their shopping. The girls were required to have these same companions throughout the year. Naturally the girls selected their best friends, and some who because of poverty or qualities which made them unpopular were left unchosen. Then the teachers had to name someone to be their partners. Those who had not been chosen felt greatly embarrassed and were handicapped throughout the whole year. Katherine Neel's heart felt a tender sympathy for such girls who had not been chosen, and thus she would wait until the more popular girls had chosen

their companions that she might take one of those timid and embarrassed girls. It often happened that her contact with these poor girls so developed within them unseen virtues that after a few months these same girls were among those considered the most popular students on the campus.

The Rev. Enoc Butrón, pastor of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian church of Tampico, was a student in the Rio Verde college when Dr. Dale was carrying on her medical work in that place. At the memorial service held in Tampico he said, "I was a former student in the Rio Verde school, and there I first saw the 'doctora' many years ago. One of the things which impressed me most at that time was the tenderness and devotion with which Dr. Dale took care of the pupils of the school when they were ill. At any hour she would come to them, not only in the office hours but at one or two o'clock in the morning, to care for them in their illnesses."

At the same memorial service, Mr. Rosales, elder of the church said, "Never can I forget the last time that I saw the 'doctora.' It was in her home in Tamazunchale during the meeting of Presbytery last year. She was then gravely sick, yet forgetful of herself she was up early every morning looking after every little detail in behalf of our comfort with the same love, grace, and cheery spirit that we always associated with her."

During her last illness when she was on her way to the hospital in San Antonio, Texas, the car was passing a curio shop where dolls and all manner of toys were for sale. She had ridden six hundred miles that day and her suffering had been intense all along the way. She herself doubted whether or not she would live to reach the hospital, yet

when the car reached that shop she asked that we look over the supply of toys and select a few dolls for the children of her niece who lived in San Antonio. With her weariness and intense suffering she never forgot the little children. She wanted to make them happy; and this little kind act, to be her last, was typical of all her lifelong ministry of kindness.

Henry M. Stanley in his *Darkest Africa* tells how the natives of Central Africa loved the great explorer Livingstone. He bore testimony that wherever he traveled through the dark jungle of that savage land the people remembered Livingstone. They could not understand his English words. They were entirely meaningless to those unlettered souls, but they did understand his little deeds of kindness and this endeared Livingstone to them. When the great explorer died in that little hut, on his knees praying for his dark-faced Africans, those humble followers embalmed his body as best they could. Then they set out on that long journey of months for the coast to send his remains back to his homeland. Before they left the jungle they cut out his heart and buried it there in their midst, for they said that Livingstone loved them and was kind to them. They wanted his heart to live with them because they loved him.

Was it not significant that when Dr. Dale passed away in the hospital and it was known in Indianland, a request came that we bring her body back to be buried there among the Indians who loved her because she had been so kind to them? A few hours after we reached our home in Tamazunchale, returning from the funeral, an Indian came to us saying something like this: "What shall I do? My wife is ill. Since she heard that our 'doctorcita' has gone to heaven

she has been weeping day and night. She will not eat. She can not sleep. She is so sad, sad, sad. Oh! She is going to die. Oh, what shall we do without our 'doctorcita'?" Others and still others came with the same query: "What shall we do without our 'doctorcita'?"

SPEAKING FOR THE KINGDOM

THE Mexican Indian Mission, with which Dr. Dale was connected, is an interdenominational work, supported solely by prayer. The Pioneer Mission Agency of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, of which the late Dr. Charles Cuthbert Trumbull was chairman, sponsors our work but offers no financial support. All needs, financial or otherwise, are taken to the Lord in prayer with the assurance that He will supply all that is necessary to evangelize the Indians. The Mission has a prayer circle of 3,000 members. Circular letters are sent to these prayer partners several times during the year, setting forth the condition and needs of the work that they may pray intelligently for the missionary labors. Besides this, speakers visit summer conferences, churches, and groups of friends in the United States to lay before them the spiritual condition of the Indians that they may pray for the evangelization of these long neglected people. No appeal is ever made for financial help, but it is sought to burden the hearts of believers with the spiritual destitution of the forty-five tribes of Indians who for so many centuries have waited for the coming of the gospel heralds.

For this kind of deputational work Dr. Dale had exceptional gifts and preparation. Endowed with a heart exceedingly tender and sensitive to the sorrows and sufferings about her, she had that rare faculty of making others feel something of the same sympathy. Then too she had spent decades and decades among non-Christian people and had

come to see by actual touch their superstition, darkness, wretchedness and hopelessness. All this gave her a message that went like an arrow dipped in the fires of the Holy Spirit. Her words pierced hearts and inspired the hearers to go or help others go with the gospel to the missionary field. She could tell of the Indian way of life and paint the picture so vividly, so realistically, so touchingly, and so convincingly that even the hardest heart would be touched to do something in their behalf.

Outside of the convention halls or churches her message was equally effective. She could mingle with ease and grace among the members of conferences, churches, and smaller groups, and in an informal manner enlist the interest of friends in the evangelization of the Indians. Sitting on the lawn in the afternoon or walking by the lakeside, she always had a circle of friends listening to her story of Indian life. She would tell of Indian mothers who brought their babies for twenty miles strapped on their backs; of women who came to her clinic begging her to give them a pill that would in some mysterious way direct them to a pig lost for several days; and of deserted wives who came for magical powders that would cause their unfaithful husbands to return to them. She would tell how the witch-doctors sought to cure the sick of malarial fever by stripping them of their clothes and placing them on a board out in the sun that registered fully 110 degrees in the shade, in order to bake out the evil spirit which had caused the fever. With these realistic pictures of Indian life such as she had seen and whose tragedy was bearing down upon her heart like a load of lead, she wove into her appeals from beginning to end a stirring note that was irresistible.

Mrs. R. L. Robinson, editor of the *Journal of Missions of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church*, wrote the following as part of an editorial about Dr. Dale: "Mrs. Dale



Huasteca Indian women



The hospital at Tamazunchale

was a woman of deep sympathy and tenderness of touch and speech. Her smiling, beaming face, the sweet tone of her voice will linger long with those of us who knew her. She was a rare speaker. She could maintain the interest of her hearers for an hour at a time, now and then brushing aside a tear but never slackening in her vividness and earnestness of speech. The hearts of her audience would throb in unison with hers as she would tell of those who came to her in her hospital, of the poor, miserable, and wretched ones whom she would meet on the street or in their homes and to whom she ministered both physically and spiritually. Her message always closed with an exultant note and a smiling countenance."

In August, 1924, Dr. Dale attended a missionary conference at Bonclarken, North Carolina. She went as a listener and with no thought of making an address. She had gone there to the mountains to rest. One of the speakers of the conference was not able to attend and Dr. Dale was asked to take the missionary hour for the week. Though there was no time for any preparation, she felt that it was a call of God to report the wonderful things that He was doing on the field as well as to stir the friends to a more effective "holding the ropes" at home. At the close of the conference Mr. Joseph Lindsay, treasurer of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church, wrote that her addresses were the outstanding feature of the conference, the most illuminating and inspiring.

As indicative of the impression which she made on the assembled conference members at Bonclarken, at the close of the conference there was held a meeting of the leaders to devise a plan to awaken deeper interest in the Forward Movement that had been launched. The movement up to that time had not stirred the church as it had been hoped. After prayer and long discussion the leaders decided to send

two speakers to visit the principal church centers and different congregations in order to arouse them to more zeal in the movement that would mean great things to the missionary and educational work of the denomination. Dr. J. W. Carson, who at that time was the financial secretary of the Synod, and Dr. Dale were asked to undertake this task of canvassing the churches from Virginia to Texas. Dr. Dale felt that her work on the field was too urgent for her to take up this new program and the plan was abandoned. Dr. Carson writes, "I remember the movement that was made to have Mrs. Dale and myself canvass the churches to carry out the spirit of the Forward Movement. If I remember correctly, Mrs. Dale decided that she could not undertake the work on account of her other duties, and on that account the plan was given up."

In May, 1930, she attended the meeting of the Synod of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church which was in session at Lexington, Virginia. Dr. A. J. Ranson, pastor of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church of New Albany, Mississippi, and at one time missionary to India, noticed that Dr. Dale was in the audience and proposed that the Synod ask her to speak to them on her work in Mexico. She had made no preparation for such an address, but from her lips and heart came forth a burning appeal to heed the Macedonian call for help. Dr. Ernest Neal Orr, pastor of the East Avenue Tabernacle of Charlotte, North Carolina, writing later concerning her address to the Synod on that day, said, "I do not remember clearly what she said before the Synod, but I do have a very clear recollection of the total impression made upon me by that and other addresses which I have heard her give. The outstanding impression made was her deep consecration to her Saviour. No one could listen to her without realizing that she was devoted, body, mind, and soul, in the most utmost consecra-

tion to her Savior. Her life was so genuine and so sincere that everyone was impressed by her personality. Another impression that came to me in hearing her, was that she was giving every ounce of energy, mental and spiritual, to her work as a missionary. There was no reserve or holding back of anything that she had that would further the cause and work of Mexico. The totality of her surrender was instantly seen by one who listened to her. Not only were her great mental powers given, but Christ's work among the poor people of Mexico stirred to the deepest depths her emotional life. Again and again I was moved to tears as I saw how deeply she herself was moved by the needs of the people who had become her people. No one could listen to Dr. Dale without realizing they were hearing a very gifted woman who had gone out as a physician and an ambassador for Christ. I never heard her speak that I was not thrilled and moved anew and afresh by the great romance of the missionary enterprise. Sometimes the reports of those who come back on furlough lose their vitality and interest, but no one could listen to Dr. Dale without being moved with a desire to be more and to do more for the Lord Jesus Christ. In June of this year I stood beside her grave in the Oak Hill cemetery (Alabama). The flowers had faded but were still there. I plucked an evergreen from her grave and have it here in my Bible. With Dr. R. C. Kennedy and Elder Harper, we had prayer at that sacred spot. As we prayed I felt that we were on holy ground and that as a result of her great work, hundreds and thousands would follow her from Mexico into the land of the Redeemed and the Blest."

When she spoke on her favorite theme — our obligations to the unevangelized world — her mind and heart were so completely taken up with her message that she became oblivious to time or circumstances. At a missionary conference held in 1932 in Asheville, North Carolina, she and the

writer were asked to take the missionary hour. Both were expected to take part of the hour. Dr. Dale spoke first and so completely forgot how time was passing that she gave the writer only ten minutes of the hour. So deeply did it pain her to think that she had taken nearly all the hour that she spent almost half of the ten minutes apologizing for what she had done. One year later we attended the same conference and again both of us were asked to take the missionary hour. By mere chance the director, Dr. R. C. McQuilken, called on the writer to speak first. Only Dr. Dale remembered what had happened the year before, and at the close of the hour she reminded the leader of the conference how forgetful she had been the year before and jokingly told him that he had called on her husband first to be sure that he would get his half of the hour.

The impression she made on her hearers may be gathered from the testimony of Dr. Oliver Johnson, pastor of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church of Winnsboro, South Carolina. "I was privileged, I think, to hear Mrs. Dale speak only twice, certainly not more than three times; but the impression I carry is that she was one of the most effective speakers I have ever heard. She did not rehearse incidents, contacts and experiences that she had passed through, nor draw moral lessons from things she had seen and heard, and yet she did do all these things. She did not tell funny stories nor rehearse ludicrous situations nor make merry with any circumstances in which she had been placed, and yet she did all these things. She seemed to see life in all its phases—its tragedy, its pathos, its meanness, its cunning, its selfishness, its joys, its nobility, its self-denying sacrifice, its unselfish whole-hearted surrender to service of others—all these things she seemed to comprehend and mix in her consciousness; and as she spoke, all these things mingled and modi-

fied and gave color and relish to her talk. Thus she was never dull nor tedious nor uninteresting.

"This explains, I think, why Mrs. Dale would smile sometimes when mentioning something pathetic and why tears would gather in her eyes as she mentioned something amusing. She was rare in her understanding, her sympathies, her tolerance. She may have been by nature timid and shy of standing before people, but it was not seen as she spoke. She forgot herself. She did not try to make an impression; what she was and what she had done, as one wholly given to her Master, just flowed from her, and only the coldest, deadest heart did not respond to her in quickened desires, holier resolves, stronger faith in her invisible Master."

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

WHEN Henry Martyn landed in India he wrote back to his friends, "Now let me burn out for God." Across India, Persia, and on and on he went like a flaming torch until he literally burned out for his Lord.

Very similar to this estimate of Martyn was the tribute paid to Dr. Katherine Dale by a committee appointed by the Board of Foreign Missions of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church. "Wherever she went, to Ciudad del Maiz, Rio Verde, Tampico, or Tamazunchale, demands on her were very taxing and she literally wore herself out serving her patients." Senorita Mercedes Escalera, who was for eight years associated with Dr. Dale as a trained nurse in Rio Verde, has written regarding the passing of Dr. Dale in these words: "I am sure that Dr. Katherine's death was due to overwork. She wore herself out laboring for her patients. She never spared herself at all. Whether the days were cold or hot, whether it was night or day, whether it was sunny or rainy, she was always ready to see the sick and give to them the necessary help. They came from ranches far and near, even as far away as Tuxpan, two hundred miles distant. They came in crowds but she never turned them away. She gave her life as a living sacrifice to her patients."

Miss Olive Floyd of Boston, Massachusetts, spent several weeks in our home in Tamazunchale, in the early part of February, 1941. Later, in writing of all that she had seen,

and referring to the medical work of Dr. Dale, she said, "Were you to arrive at the Dale home at six in the morning you would see the Indians coming for medicines. They have no timepiece to pay attention to such things as office hours. You would find Dr. Dale reading her Bible and keeping her morning watch. She would tell you what she told me. There remains so much to be done for the poor Indian and it is such a pity that I am no longer young and strong in order to do more for them. Follow her to the clinic and you would see a long line of Indians waiting for her. She always entered her clinic with a smile, and they knew that her smile and playful remarks spoke of a tender heart and that she would do her very best to make them well. Even though they are very poor, she would give them the best treatment that her medical science could offer. There were crowds — the undernourished children, women and men with high fever from malaria, others suffering from cancer, tuberculosis, and all the ills to which flesh is heir. Some had come forty miles in chairs on the backs of men, others had been brought on boards and cots carried by four men. Many had come thirty miles with burning fever. When the clinic is over they come to Dr. Dale's home all day begging for medicines. From morning till night she is answering the cry of poor suffering Indians."

Sketches of her busy life taken here and there will help to give an idea how she truly burned out for her patients and for her Lord. A mestizo entered her clinic in Rio Verde one day and asked Dr. Dale to go to his village forty miles away to see his mother. Realizing that she would be able to see others of her patients in that village too sick to come to her clinic, and that I would be able to hold a gospel service in that village, she consented to go. Half of the trip was made by rail and the other half in an old coach that threatened to go to pieces several times on the trip. Our road led over high

mountains and around precipices that made us hold our breath. If the coach slipped two feet to one side, we would all roll down into a canyon two or three hundred feet deep. We were compelled to take with us our little daughter, Belle, who was just one year old. The day spent in that village was well worth all the experiences of the trip.

On our return it was necessary for us to come by another route which was much farther. Dr. Dale rode a little donkey and I a mule. For our little daughter they had arranged another type of conveyance. It was a tall Indian who looked to be as strong as the pugilist Sullivan. They tied about his shoulders a sheet and in that they strapped the baby to his back in true Indian style. All that day when the thermometer would doubtless register 110 degrees our little daughter traveled. It was a long, long trip that drew heavily on the body, yet Dr. Dale was ready the next morning to see her patients in the clinic.

I was standing one day on the market square of the little Indian town of Pisa Flores. No gospel work had been established there. An Indian came and asked if we could sell him a Bible. He said that twenty years ago a missionary passed that way and told them about Jesus and that he had never returned. He asked that we go to his village, El Rayo, ten miles up in the mountains and teach them more about Jesus Christ.

Through the years we made many trips to this little Indian village. The work grew and without mission help this group of believers built their own church. One day the same Indian who had been instrumental in beginning the work there came to Tamazunchale and asked that Dr. Dale and I go to El Rayo and dedicate their new church building to the worship of the Lord. It seemed almost impossible for a lady to climb those mountains, but he insisted that so many of

his people had come and had been completely restored to health under Dr. Dale's ministry that they wanted her to see their church.

Dr. Dale and I mounted our mules and set out for the village of El Rayo. In the first ten miles we made a descent of 2,500 feet. The path was so narrow that only here and there was it wide enough to allow another traveler to pass. More than once we had to dismount to enable the mules to make their way from one large rock to another. The little path curved around chasms so deep that had the mule stepped two feet to the side, both mule and rider would have plunged three or four hundred feet below. It was to us a miracle that the poor animals did not lose their balance and plunge down into the canyon. Dr. Dale's horseback riding at her old home when a child, came to her help on this trip and not once did her mule fall. From the river at the bottom of the steep descent again we had a climb just as high on the other side. By this time the sun was so hot that we were blistered. At sundown we reached the village.

After that long, hot ride Dr. Dale, without a moment's rest, examined several patients who were waiting for her. The next day three services were held in the little chapel including the dedicatory program. All during the day patients came for medicines from the villages around. The following day at four a. m. we mounted our mules for the return trip to Tamazunchale over the same arduous and dangerous route. The next day after our arrival Dr. Dale was in her clinic all day as usual, looking after the sick and suffering with the same vigor and pleasant smile.

Chapulhuacanito is an Indian village about fifteen miles from Tamazunchale. The road there is very rough, and during the rainy season the mud is as heavy as that of the Black Belt of Alabama. I once asked an Indian lad about the road ahead of us. His reply was made by signs. He

shook his head and moved his hands up and down in a perpendicular fashion, meaning that the road was up and down. That gesture would very appropriately describe the road to the village of Chapulhuacanito. Our Mission has a large congregation of Indian believers there. Dr. Dale attended all the Christmas services held there, as well as services on other occasions during the year.

About four years ago we arranged a week of services, three a day, in Chapulhuacanito. In the meantime there came several days of heavy rain which made the road well nigh impassable. However, Dr. Dale was in no way discouraged and we started on the trip. As we were riding along about half way her mule slipped on a boulder and fell. Dr. Dale was thrown from the mule on a sharp rock. She insisted that she was not hurt to any serious degree. Though I felt that we should return home, she begged to continue the trip to the Indian village for the services. We reached Chapulhuacanito early in the afternoon. Three or four hundred Indians were waiting for us. The visit of their "doctorcita" always drew a large crowd to the village. After our dinner we were shown to a little hut which was to be our quarters during the week. There Dr. Dale found that she was hurt more seriously than she had at first thought. There were two or more ribs broken and now the pain was becoming more and more severe. We knelt there in that little Indian hut and laid the whole matter before the Lord in prayer. An Indian was sent to Tamazunchale for medicines. That evening Dr. Dale attended the services and throughout the week she never missed one of the three services each day. The following week she mounted her mule and rode back to Tamazunchale, and the next day found her in her clinic.

This was the life that she lived. Like the great apostle, she counted not her life as dear to herself in order that she might finish with joy her course and the ministry that she

had received of the Lord Jesus to testify to the Gospel of the grace of God. Dr. S. W. Reid, chairman of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church, upon learning of her death wrote, "No wonder when her friends kept telling her that she must slow down, rest more, and work less, out of her heart of love she replied, 'That I can not do. It is the opportunity of my life. These sick Indians have no other medical help.' Surely the Master will say one day, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these ye have done it to me'."

Near the close of her life Dr. Dale consulted a specialist in San Antonio, Texas. He was very frank, for he realized that he was talking to another physician. He knew that Dr. Dale must have recognized her infallible symptoms. The fact was that she had understood them fully. He told her that she was working too hard, and that in her enthusiastic labor for the Indians she had broken down the walls of her heart. Her only hope of living a few years longer was to rest and be quiet. She was literally working herself to death. He frankly told her that she should give up her practice because her heart could not stand up under such high pressure. Dr. Dale thanked him for his diagnosis, which she assured him she knew to be correct; she told him that she would be willing to rest for a time but that she could not give up her mission permanently. The Indians were coming to her from near and far. She had won their confidence and love. They looked to her in their sickness, sorrows, and suffering. How could she fail to aid them? It was the supreme hour of opportunity for her. She had not finished her work. In the face of such supreme need she would rather give the Indians two years of help in their sickness than in seeking longer life for herself.

Dr. R. E. Speer told at the Northfield Conference of Samuel Bowles, founder of the newspaper, *The Springfield Re-*

publican. "Friends went to him and urged him to give up his task and go off to the mountains to rest. If you will lay aside your pen and go off to the lakes and take a long rest, you will come back with renewed vigor and you can do better work. He replied, 'I have the lines drawn and the current flowing and by throwing my weight now I can count for something. If I make a long break or parenthesis, I shall lose my opportunity. No man is living a life worth living unless he is willing if need be to die for something or for somebody'."

The cry of these friends is the cry of Peter to Christ, "Spare Thyself. Don't go to Calvary." It was the eternal cry of His enemies when He hung on the cross. "Save Thyself and come down from the cross." But the Lord laid down the royal rule for all royal living for Himself, for Samuel Bowles, for Dr. Dale, and for all those who would follow closely in His footsteps. "Except a grain of wheat fall in the ground and die it abideth alone, but if it die it shall bring forth fruit." Great souls like Dr. Dale seek to follow Him up the royal road to Calvary. They know they are called to do a great work. The fires of a divine commission burn in their souls, and like the weeping prophet they can not stay. The burden of the divine mission is upon their hearts and it lies with leaden weight. Doors of opportunity open to them. The urge of the omnipotent is upon their souls. Woe unto them if they rest. Tomorrow the door may close. Today the clock strikes twelve. It is forward and, if need be, die.

A ship was going down out at sea. A terrific storm was raging and the breakers were rolling mountain high. Cries for help were coming from the ill-fated ship that was soon to plunge into a watery grave. The appeal for help reached the ears of the captain of the Coast Guard, and he ordered his men to the oars to follow him to the rescue. A sailor

called out to the captain and reminded him that so perilous was the storm that while the boats might reach the scene of the wreck they would never get back. Why go right into the jaws of certain death? The brave captain shouted back, "We do not have to come back. It is our duty to go and help and come back if we can." That has been the cry of great-hearted souls in every hour: "We may not come back but we must go." That was the urge that constrained Dr. Dale to turn a deaf ear to all thought of rest and care for herself. She might not come back but she must go forward. The cry of suffering and dying Indians was constantly ringing in her ears; and though to answer meant disease, pain, long nights of restlessness, sleeplessness, and death, she felt the imperative on her heart and she had to go, knowing full well that she might not return. The following lines were found in her Bible:

*Break up, oh break up the fount, my God,
And stir the soul of me
As I have seen thee loose thy winds
And stir the mighty sea.*

*When calm is settling down on my life
And listlessly I strive,
Tear loose the bonds that bind
And shake my soul alive.*

"SUNSHINE IN HER SOUL"

"FATHER, you are seeking to interpret Mother's life. Don't fail to tell the story of a life intensely human. Grace wrought marvels in her heart, but with all her attainments in the Christian life she was so very human. She loved the rose gardens, the singing birds, the green river banks, the silver moon at night, the mountain slopes with cool, gushing springs, and spring blossoms. She loved the playing children and was never so happy as when she taught the little Indian girls games and plays. She loved people and found keenest delight in the circle of fellowship with friends. She loved God's beautiful world. She loved human hearts. As wife, mother, friend, she was one with us. She was human." This was a message from our son, Professor J. M. Dale, missionary of the Presbyterian College at Bogota, Colombia, South America.

He was quite right. She did walk in the heavenly places with Christ and breathe the atmosphere of the Delectable Mountains, but all the while she traveled along the path of human life with its sighs and songs, its tears and its triumphs. This appears very clearly in her experience of shadows and sunshine. Her life was pitched to the note of good cheer. Her friends will recall how her face was always lit with the light of a smile. She had by nature a singing heart.

During her early years she did not always walk on the hilltops of song. She at times passed through the valley of depression when she could not sing. These experiences she

called "the blues." She was wont at times to tease her father by saying that she had inherited this trait from him. She remembered how he loved his violin and played beautifully. When he felt that he was descending into the "Slough of Despond" he would take his violin and play until he was on his feet again and on the high places of joy. Our children during our early days of missionary service often told their mother that when they heard a certain song she was playing on the piano, they knew that she was following Grandpa's example and seeking to drive away the "blues."

But grace triumphed and she learned how to rejoice evermore. She learned the Pauline secret of how to be "exceedingly joyful in all our tribulations." She marked in her Bible the verse that tells how the sweet singer of Israel found that wellspring of joy that never became dry. The verse opened to her the secret: "I waited patiently for the Lord my God. He inclined unto me and heard my cry. He brought me out of a horrible pit and out of the miry clay. He put a new song into my mouth, even praise to God." (Psalm 40: 1, 2.)

"Let us sing" were words that were ever on her lips. It might be in the church while we waited for the hour to begin service; or a gathering by the river where the congregation had come together for a picnic; or while we traveled by automobile along a lonely road through the mountains; or an hour when the young people of the congregation had gathered in our home for a social evening. She was always ready to sing, for she had a singing heart. She was a member of the Christian Endeavor Society of our local mission church, and for years she had been at the head of the social committee whose task was to organize social hours for the members. When she went to the Indian villages in the afternoons, the Indian boys and girls always gathered in the church yard for la Doctorcita to play with them. When she walked into her

clinic in the morning, she always had a smile and a playful word for her patients who were waiting for her. And her sunshine drew them to her as friend to friend. On Sabbath days and at mid-week service it was an exception that she did not greet each one present with a handshake, a smile, and a word of cheer. It made her sunshine contagious. When she sat by the bedside of her patient suffering from pain or with burning fever and stroked the forehead, her presence carried the same radiance which brought to the sick comfort that was both physical and spiritual.

Dr. R. C. Betts, pastor of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian church at Columbia, South Carolina, wrote of her in the following words: "Her life always reminded me of Isaiah, twelfth chapter and third verse: 'With joy shall we draw water out of the wells of salvation.' And if I were preaching to my congregation who knew Dr. Katherine Dale so well, I would certainly tell them that she had learned well nigh perfectly the art of drawing water out of the wells of salvation with joy, and I would suggest that we spend the remaining part of the hour in prayer praising God for her life of unceasing joy and asking Him to help us to follow in her footsteps and rejoice evermore. She did not need to pray, 'Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation.' It was easy to see from her smiling face that the joy of the Lord was her constant portion. Her spiritual sunshine lent to her message an appeal that was irresistible. She made the Christian life beautiful and attractive. She adorned the doctrine of her Lord."

Her simple faith in her Lord was the key that unlocked this treasure-house of cheer. Habakkuk was one of her favorite prophets. His trust led her very deeply into the joy of the Lord. Years ago she underscored that greatest verse of the prophet and often came back to that gold mine of blessing: "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither

shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the field shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

There was much that tended to drive the sunshine out of her life. Later chapters tell of the loss of loved ones that tore asunder the heart-strings of her inner life, cruel persecutions born of fiendish envy which sought to bring to a close her labors for the relief of the poor and neglected, bloody revolution which destroyed her hospital and forced her out of the field for years, and threats to kill her when she walked the streets in answer to a call from the sick and dying. Through all these the joy of the Lord that stayed the heart of the prophet Habakkuk kept the light of joy ever burning upon the altar of her heart and life.

I shall never forget the morning I opened the mail and found an anonymous letter that brought blood-thirsty threats. It was the first of five that we received—three came to Mrs. Dale and two to me. They were all written in language inspired of the eternal pit. The writer of the letter swore that he would kill both of us unless we left the country. Mrs. Dale was not in the room when the letter was opened, and the first impulse was to burn it and never let her know its horrible content. She soon came in, and my face told her that something was wrong. I was troubled for her life and could not conceal the fact. She insisted that something was wrong and that she should know it all. She read the letter. Not for a moment did she contemplate leaving the work. But what should we do to make our lives safe and carry out His work? What did Hezekiah do when Sennacherib sent his message of threats? Like him we placed the whole matter in God's hands. Mrs. Dale knelt, her face pale with fear and dread; but when she arose, her

accustomed composure had returned. Four more letters came, growing more bitter, but they never disturbed her spiritual poise. We went about our daily tasks and walked the dark streets to make our professional and pastoral calls. No harm came to us nor did the shadows darken the perpetual sunshine that was on her face and in her heart all through those days of service. The joy of the Lord was her constant strength.

Rev. Norman Taylor, missionary of the Presbyterian church and treasurer of that Mission, spent the night with us in Tamazunchale on the twelfth of May, 1941, only two weeks before Mrs. Dale's death. The next morning was the first time she expressed a willingness to go to the hospital in San Antonio, Texas. We agreed to leave the following morning; and since Mr. Taylor was going to distribute gospel tracts along the Pan-American highway among the Federal soldiers, we agreed to meet in Monterrey and from there drive together to the border. Later Mr. Taylor wrote of our trip together: "As we went on ahead we looked for the word from you at the pre-arranged places and were surprised that we had no word before Monterrey. When you caught up with us there, I could hardly realize that Mrs. Dale was such a sick woman because she was so cheerful and happy as she greeted us. You will recall that at the Southland Cafe in Laredo we all had supper together and Mrs. Dale mentioned some war developments of which I knew nothing. I will always remember her laughing comment: 'Of course, you are living in the "sticks" of Mexico City and would not have heard this news, but we in the metropolis of Tamazunchale keep up to date.' Those moments with you all were a real blessing to me, and as I look back I thank God for the marvelous joy of the Lord which filled Mrs. Dale at all times. It was a constant testimony to us all and we thank God for having known her."

The last crisis of her life tested her spirit of sunshine most severely but the singing heart never failed her. She saw that Indianland had given her the golden opportunity of her missionary career. She had not reached such large numbers of patients as she had treated in Tampico, but they had come from a wider area and her clinic had scattered the gospel over a larger territory. The Indians were poor and she had been able to help them in their sore poverty. She saw the havoc that witchcraft was working in the Indian's life and it touched her deeply. She saw that her medical work was breaking down on every side the high barriers that superstition and fanaticism had reared to impede the progress of the gospel. She felt that she had come into Indianland for that supreme epoch-making hour. She loved the Indians with an unceasing devotion. She always referred to them in her addresses as “my poor Indians.” All these considerations came over her during her last illness with almost irresistible force and made her pray that she might be given back her health to do yet more for her Indians. She as a physician understood her symptoms and realized that this was the beginning of the end, that it was not His will for her to regain her health. Her heart trouble brought on an air hunger that was most distressing. She could not sleep either day or night, yet those of us who passed those sleepless nights and days remember how, though her face was pinched with pain and suffering, it never lost its perpetual sunshine.

We set out for the hospital in San Antonio. It was a ride of seven hundred and twenty-five miles. Between our home and Laredo, Texas, there was not a single American physician to help, so we were forced to reach our destination — the hospital in San Antonio — that same day. Her suffering and fatigue made it a day never to be forgotten. She would not lie down and her face wore her usual smile all

the way — all this notwithstanding the fact that she was leaving behind forever the work that was so very dear to her. She knew it was undoubtedly her last ride. She confessed to friends in the hospital that all along the road she felt that she would not live to reach Texas and she wondered what we would do with her body with all the official regulations. However, she was as happy as if she had been going to the United States to visit her daughters. She talked of the glorious mountains and scenery and God's great beautiful world. She was leaning on the rod and staff of the great Shepherd whose presence gave her the singing heart that took her so victoriously through those heavy shadows that gathered about her. He had given her songs in the night.

*Give me a song, dear God, in the morning,
Give me a song at the break of day;
Give me a song lest the hours grow weary,
Give me the help of a song on the way.*

*Days are so long and burdens so heavy,
Tired are the faces I see passing by;
They seem so hungry, dear God, and so helpless,
O how they need some song from on high.*

*So if I covet one gift in the morning,
It is the shine of heaven in my face,
Banishing gloom for the worn and the weary,
Telling the story of infinite grace.*

ANON.

QUEST FOR SOULS

AT A VERY early age Little Katherine felt in her heart the divine urge to save souls who are lost in sin. The Lord had kindled on the altar of her heart the fire of that holy passion to lead souls to the feet of Christ. The colored people about the Neel home often told us how Dr. Dale, while yet a little girl playing with her dolls under the oaks of the home, would talk to them about Jesus her Savior and urge them to get ready to go with her to heaven. Miss Estelle Thompson, one of her classmates at the Due West Female College, writing reminiscences of their college days added, "Katherine Neel was everywhere recognized as a leader in all the religious activities of the college and one of the things that stands out most prominently in my memory is that she was always interested in the spiritual welfare of the girls of the school."

No sooner had she entered the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia than she registered as a member of the Young Women's Christian Association. Very soon she was made leader of a class of young women who met each week to study the Bible and problems of the Christian life. During the years of study in the medical college, the Young Women's Christian Association undertook to raise funds for the erection of a new building and she was made a member of the committee to canvass the city for funds. These appointments to places of leadership argue most eloquently for two facts. First, that she was recognized as a

leader and, second, that she was deeply interested in the salvation of the girls of Philadelphia and their development in the graces of the divine life.

While a student in the medical college she spent her summer vacations working as trained nurse and social worker in the hospitals of New York City. Several nights of each week she, in company with other rescue workers, went through the dens of the underworld of New York City, seeking to rescue those moral waifs who had made such sad shipwrecks of their souls. Scores of years later she talked of the keen thrill of joy that came to them as they made those midnight visits to Water Street and other dark avenues where vice reigned in its most glaring forms. They went through the tenement houses, braving the dangers and squalor, talking the gospel of life and light to the slaves of sin, inviting them to a gospel service which was held in a hall nearby. They gathered them into groups and led them to where they might hear of Him Who had come to the world to seek and to save those that are lost. Those who have read Mrs. Whittemore's story of the "Blue Birds of Mulberry Bend" will understand what it meant to join those gospel crusaders and go at midnight into those dark haunts of the underworld. Yet she insisted that those hours spent in that work were among the happiest of her years of study. She would stand on her feet all day in the wards of the hospital and at night would take the gospel to those dens of moral darkness. The city clock would often strike the midnight hour long before the rescue workers would leave the hall where they had taken these lost sheep hoping they might find the great Shepherd. And the duties of the hospital called for early rising. This rescue service called for a love for lost souls that is born of the passion of Him who laid aside the glory of fellowship with the Father and

came to earth to save sinners from darkness, degradation and death.

And this quest for souls formed the constraining motive in all her medical missionary labors. For more than forty years she labored for the sick and suffering. She spared no sacrifice to reduce their pains to a minimum. With great compassion she looked on the crowds that thronged to her clinic day by day. Victims of superstition, witchcraft, ignorance and sin, they had for her an appeal that was irresistible. Many were too poor to pay anything for their medicines. Great numbers could pay for one half of the cost of the medicines and nothing for the medical examination. Yet Dr. Dale gave them the very best medicines that science could offer for their diseases. Many came after office hours and often at night with their aches and pains. She never turned them away but did all that her medical ministry could do to take away their suffering. Many sleepless nights were spent in study, seeking some undiscovered remedy for a patient for whom she had done all that medical science could offer and yet had failed to give the sick one relief. She would spend the entire night by the bedside of the patient to apply ice to the parched lips and the feverish brow. Had Dr. Dale had no faith in God nor hope of immortality, she would have counted her medical ministry worth while if she had done no more than reduce to a minimum the bodily pain of her patients. Such was her deep sympathy for the suffering.

But this concern for aching bodies was not the supreme and all-determining motive that brought Dr. Dale to the mission field. It was her quest for souls. She caught a vision of telescopic range that looked beyond the grave where physical pain comes to an end. She was concerned about the suffering soul which passes through the portals of death and travels on and on, through the dark night of

eternity and never comes to the morning light. She would make her medical ministry an evangelizing agency that would bring the lost sheep to the great Shepherd. She would make her clinic a stepping stone to bring the Christless crowds to the Savior Christ. Her Christian worker in the clinic each day with Bibles and tracts, talked Christ to the patients. Dr. Dale and her assistants seized every opportunity to bear testimony to the saving power of the blessed gospel of Christ. By these methods many patients were led to receive Christ as their personal Savior and many more through the clinic became friendly to the gospel message and later gave their hearts to the Lord for devoted service. This was her life purpose and all the machinery of her medical ministry was made to contribute to that end — leading souls to the Savior.

The Rev. Enoc Butron, pastor of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church in Tampico, who had the opportunity of observing her medical work for many years, said shortly after her death, "What a marvelous gift from God was our Doctor, who came to give her life and service to our people. Why should a woman of culture, devoted to her family and country, abandon all these comforts and come to live in isolated villages and among humble people? Why should she make such a sacrifice of pleasure, intelligence and luxury? For those of us among whom she lived many years it is easy to find an answer. She never thought of her medical profession as a means of attaining honor or pleasures. She always seemed to us to regard her medical ministry as a talent given to her by God so that she might bring health to the poor neglected ones who lived in the mountains and rural districts where no medical help could be had. She brought great blessing to the poor who lived in the centers easily accessible to qualified physicians but who were not able to pay for medical services. Her great dominating pur-

pose seemed to be to lead her patients to Christ as their Savior. She labored to heal the spiritual diseases that bring upon our humanity so much suffering. Souls were very precious to her because she saw in each patient the unlimited possibilities of making that one a child of God who would grow later into the likeness of Christ. I had the opportunity of studying her great work for many years, first as a student in the Rio Verde College and later as pastor of a Tampico church. To me, her ministry has been most beautiful. It has taken on so much of the likeness of the ministry of Christ. While keenly sensitive to the bodily sufferings of the people, it was very easy to see that her great and consuming passion was to save the souls of her patients. It will be long, very long before we forget her saintly life and helpful ministry that brought so many out of darkness into the marvelous light of the Christian life.

Dr. S. W. Reid, Chairman of the Board under which she labored, has written of her ministry in Mexico: "While treating her patients she was ever concerned about their spiritual condition and was ever ready to tell them about the balm of Gilead and the great Physician. She was faithful in using that splendid opportunity to win their souls for the Lord Jesus. Such means being used in connection with the medical work of Dr. Dale, we are not surprised to learn that a large percentage of those who came to the gospel services heard the message of good news first in her clinic or in her hospital. From among these came some of the finest characters and Christian workers of the Mission. Through the influence of her medical work the gospel was carried as far as two hundred miles from the mission station where she labored and her clinic became just what she wanted it to be — a handmaid to the gospel."

Outside of her clinic she had the same burning zeal to open the eyes of those spiritually blind, "Turn them from

darkness to light, from the power of Satan to the power of God that they might receive the forgiveness of sin and the inheritance among the sanctified ones." When we gathered in our living room after the close of the day and talked about those problems that touched our lives most deeply, she was ever recurring to the one thing that ran like an under-current through all her wakeful hours — how she could reach more souls for the Lord! Friends will recall the evangelistic note in all her addresses.

Before the first week of her last illness in the hospital of San Antonio had come to a close, Dr. Dale knew the religious belief of all her nurses and those attending her in the hospital service, even her physician. She had talked to each one about these most important things of eternal life. She was solicitous about their spiritual welfare and in a most natural and sympathetic way she talked to them about her faith in the Savior Christ. Her method of approach was so tactful and so kind that all felt that they were dealing with a true friend who was concerned about their highest spiritual interests and they could not take offense. Her warm, attractive personality opened the door of their hearts and gave them freedom to talk to her as friend talks to friend about the deep matters of the soul.

And this enthusiasm for soul-winning which was so outstanding in the life of Dr. Dale was contagious. She inspired her helpers with the same zeal. A lady patient often came to her clinic for treatment. So fanatical was this patient that she would never talk to Dr. Dale about the gospel. One day Dr. Dale sent Senorita Eladia Solis, one of the trained nurses, to give this woman a massage treatment. Miss Solis had a most winsome way in her contact with the patients, and the gentle touch of her hand brought comfort to the body of the sufferer. She said to Miss Solis, "Oh, that hand of yours gives me such rest and comfort." Instantly

the nurse replied, "If you would let my Master's hand touch you, He would fill your heart with the sweetest rest and joy." "Tell me about Him and His comforting hand," she answered. The door was open, and Miss Solis opened to her the deep secrets of the gospel and the peace of Christ that passes all understanding.

Dr. Dale's concern for the lost sprang from three great truths which were to her eternal realities. The personal return of the Lord to earth was a truth very precious to her. She believed wholeheartedly that the prophecy of the angels would be literally fulfilled and that He would come back through the clouds just as He went away. She believed with Paul that on His return He will raise all the believing dead and with them the living believers will be caught up to be with Him. Immediately after that rapture and before He establishes His millennial reign of peace and glory on earth, the world will pass through a tribulation such as humanity has never seen. "There shall be a time of trouble such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time and ever shall be. And except those days should be shortened no flesh shall be saved." She believed that all believers will be with the Lord. All holy influences will be withdrawn from the earth. Satan will be reigning on earth with his antichrist; and darkness, desolation and death will be without a parallel since the world began. She had no fears for herself. She knew Whom she had believed and was sure that He would keep that which she had committed to Him against that day. But she could not bear the thought that the unsaved would have to pass through those days of bloodshed, terror and death. She would save them from that tribulation. This note was often heard in her missionary addresses.

Then she thought of the unbelieving multitudes of earth as lost sheep. The parable of the lost sheep was one of her favorites. She believed that they are lost on this side of the

grave and forever lost on the other side. Without a Shepherd they now wander in their sinning, sorrow, and suffering, without comfort or protection from the devouring wolves of satanic forces. And shepherdless they will travel through that eternal night where darkness will grow deeper and darker. Like hooks of steel her heart was gripped with the spirit of the loving Savior who bore all manner of suffering and sacrifice that He might find His other sheep.

The strongest factor in her zeal for winning souls was her hope of heaven. The "Home Over There" never lost for her its appealing thrill. In her morocco-bound Bible which the writer gave her at Montreat, North Carolina, in 1914, she carried for many years the lines:

*The day's long work is done, the West is red.
The plough stands still, the gathered sheep are fed;
And I, the Master's servant, turn and come
Home from furrowed field and pastoral upland Home—
Home neath the vesper star to still repose,
Home on the sounds of the day the door to close,
Home to the twilight hour of peace and prayer,
Home, but a servant still to meet my Master there.*

ANON.

And Jesus would be there. She would see Him as He is and that would be glory for her. Our son Jesse wrote, "How often Mother said to us that if she should lose her faith in her Savior and her hope of seeing Him in heaven, she would not care to live."

She loved to stroll in her rose garden, wander by the river banks, and climb the mountain slopes covered with evergreen; and this delight made her long for that garden that John saw more beautiful than Eden, through which flows the river proceeding from under the throne of God and along whose banks grows the tree of life with its all-healing leaves. When we talked about these future glories, her face

always shone with a light that gave assurance that in her heart of hearts heaven was no mere mirage in a desert, but a bright shining reality. Leaving for furlough in 1910, Dr. Dale called to tell Dona Cata Arcos goodbye. This native saint was one of the rare jewels of grace who lived fully assured that she would one day see her Saviour face to face. Dr. Dale asked her what message she would like to send the friends in the United States. She answered, "Tell the brothers and sisters that I shall never see them in this world but when I meet them in the Father's house on the other side of the river I shall take them to my Saviour and tell Him how grateful I am that He sent you dear missionaries to my country to show me the way to my Father's house." To Dona Cata going to heaven was like taking a trip across the seas. And to Dr. Dale going home to the Father's house was just as real.

And just because this hope of heaven was so real and glorious to Dr. Dale, she longed to share its glory with others. She could not think of going to heaven alone. Her zeal for saving souls recalls so vividly the old fisherman in "Fisherman's Sermon." Beautifully the poet tells of the old man who came to the village of fishermen and went from house to house, talking about heaven and its glories. The faithless fisher folk drove him from the village but he came back again and again. With a burning urge in his heart that brought tears to his face, he confessed to the humble villagers that he just could not leave the village because he wanted them to go with him to share the joys of the heavenly land.

*Stir me, O stir me, Lord, I care not how,
But stir my heart in passion for the world.
Stir me to give, to go, but most to pray;
Stir till the blood-red banner be unfurled
O'er lands that shall in deepest darkness lie,
O'er deserts where no cross is lifted high.*

*Stir me, O stir me, Lord. Thy heart was stirred
By love's intensest fire, till Thou didst give
Thine only Son, Thy best-beloved One,
Even to the dreadful cross, that I might live;
Stir me to give myself so back to Thee
That Thou canst give Thyself again through me.*

BESSIE BEON

PRAYER LIFE

THE famous Bensel was a saintly soul. Like Enoch he walked with God for years and years. He pressed through all the outer circles of fellowship and reached the place where John lay, on the Master's bosom. He lived under the spell of that holy communion with his Lord. The students who waited on his ministry knew that he had been living with Jesus. One of them resolved to seek the secret of his holy life which was like ointment poured forth. With microscopic care he watched the going and coming of this man of God; but the more he studied Bensel's life the more he was puzzled and baffled, for holiness defies analysis. At last the student resolved to hide himself in Bensel's room and watch him during the closing moments of the day. Bensel came in and for a long time engaged himself in the commentaries which he was writing. Finally he laid aside his books and knelt in prayer, and there in the quietness of that room talked with God so simply, so trustfully, and so reverently that the student was amazed. Bensel seemed to be talking to God so closely and so really that His divine presence filled the room and the student was afraid. Finally the student slipped out of the room, confident that he had found the secret of that wonderful life of Bensel's. It was his prayer-touch with God. In like manner that same thing is the secret of every true life, hid with Christ in God. Tell us how they pray and we can tell how they live and how they die.

This same key unlocks the life of Dr. Katherine Neel Dale. Through the years she had been praying, "Lord, teach us to pray," and she had learned many of those deep lessons in His school of prayer. She truly prayed without ceasing. With her family on the mission, she had five stated times for prayer each day, not counting those special seasons when emergencies called for prayer. In the atmosphere of prayer she lived and moved and had her being.

From her earliest years she began to put the promises of God to the test. She had finished her college course and was ready to take up the study of medicine preparatory to her missionary career, but suddenly she came to a closed door. All the brothers and sisters had left home and had gone out into life. As she was the youngest, should she leave her father and mother in their declining years with no one at their side? She could not believe that her loving Father would approve a step like that. However, unless she took such a step, her missionary ambitions must come to an end. She waited and prayed. Into His hands she would commit her life, knowing that He would lead in the right way.

Very soon God led one of her sisters, Mrs. Emma Kennedy, to come to make her home with the parents following the death of her husband. Thus at the very threshold of her missionary service she learned that prayer changes things and persons and that in the hand of faith prayer is a lever that can move the arm of God.

Reaching the mission field in 1898, she found that the laws of the country required all foreign doctors who desired to follow their profession in the Republic either to appear before the National Board of Health and take an examination in general medicine or to present their medical diplomas to the Medical Department of the National University. In the case of the second choice of these, if the Rector of the Uni-

versity accepted the diploma, there was no need of an examination. The first of these alternatives was hardly possible to Dr. Dale. She had been on the field a very short time and had had little opportunity to study Spanish, the language in which the examination would be given. The second alternative seemed almost as difficult. She had no friends in the Capital to intercede with the Rector of the University and on the basis of friendship ask him to sign her diploma. It looked as if the swelling Jordan rolled between her and the opportunities for medical service on the mission field. We laid the matter before the Lord and waited. The better plan seemed to be to place the diploma in the hands of the Rector and ask for the approval of the University. If we sent the document by mail, we knew full well that months and months would elapse before we could receive a reply. God led us to send the diploma to a friend, the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in Mexico City, and to ask him to place it and our request before the Rector. Our friend replied that he would gladly do this for us, but at the same time he told us that he had no influence of friendship or of any kind. Really he was not at all acquainted with the Rector. Dr. Salmans, our warm friend and veteran medical missionary in Mexico, then living in the city of Guanajuato, assured us that the Rector would not sign the paper.

Undoubtedly God had brought Dr. Dale to the mission field, and we were confident that He would in His own time open the door. We therefore kept the matter before the Lord and waited His time. Usually such is the red tape through which a document has to pass, that weeks and months are required for an answer. However, God was working in our behalf, and in ten days the diploma was returned with the signature of the Rector. It was accompanied by a personal letter in which he assured Dr. Dale that with pleasure he gave her the right to practice her profession in any part of

the Republic. It sounded somewhat like the day of Nehemiah when the Persian king gave him permission to go to Jerusalem and to rebuild the walls that had fallen down. The same God was moving the hearts of the authorities though they knew it not.

During the Madero Revolution of 1910 a band of would-be revolutionists entered Rio Verde while we were still laboring there. They were rough mountaineers and bent on mischief. They were not inspired by patriotic enthusiasm, but came with the express desire to loot, kill, and burn. They were about four hundred strong, while our federal troops did not number more than a dozen soldiers. Our municipal authorities and the garrison were driven to the hills and we were left without any semblance of local government or protection. At that time we had two boarding schools in the town — one for girls under the direction of Miss Lavinia Neel, Dr. Dale's sister; and the other for young men. Fifty and sixty students were enrolled in each of these schools.

The situation threw upon us all a responsibility that sent us to our knees in prayer. These young men and women were under our care. We remembered what had happened elsewhere under similar circumstances, and might not the same thing happen again in Rio Verde? God was our only help and hope. We remembered how Jehoshaphat when he saw his handful of soldiers surrounded by the swarming Midianites cried, "Lord, we know not what to do but our eyes are upon Thee." We recalled with joy the divine reply, "Stand still and see the salvation of God." Dr. Dale, her sister, and the writer stood still and waited to see God work. The Lord led the writer to speak to a friend in the town about the situation, not knowing that he had anything to do with the revolutionists who had just arrived. This friend revealed to us that he was the intellectual adviser of the move-

ment and then told us that he would give notice to the entire band that if one of them gave any trouble at all to anyone connected with either of the schools or to our family he would be immediately shot. He asked the writer to advise him if we had any trouble. For more than a month we had no municipal authorities and yet we carried on our school and medical work with full security.

One quiet Sabbath afternoon in Rio Verde we heard that a revolutionary band had passed San Ciro, a village twenty miles away, and was coming to our town. They were revolutionists professedly against the government, but at heart simply bandits. Rio Verde was deeply stirred, for the band would reach the town by midnight and we had no federal soldiers to defend us. We too were not a little concerned for our schools and family, for at that time our friend who had given us protection before had no influence with this new band that was coming. The municipal authority had advised the capital of our situation, but soldiers could not reach our town until the next day or the day after. This would give the invaders ample time for their cruel work. Our church service for that night was held as usual, though it was not easy for the writer to hold the attention of the hearers. The slightest noise in the street called attention to the horrible fact that the revolutionists would arrive within a few hours. News came that they had been sighted only twelve miles away. Prayer was offered in our home and later during the church service for God's protection. Returning from church, again as a family we placed ourselves in the hand of God and retired for the night. No revolutionists came and we had a quiet night. Before midnight God had sent a cloudburst that flooded the river which the revolutionists had to cross before reaching our town, and thus they were halted for two days. By that time federal sol-

diers arrived from the state capital and the invaders fled to the hills. So God had miraculously answered our prayers.

In 1930 while Dr. Dale was in the United States, just before coming to Indianland, her friends insisted that she consult a specialist as to her health. He told her very frankly that she had been working at too rapid a pace and that her physical condition was such that she should not think of going to the mountains to labor among the Indians with all the attendant hardships. He warned her that if she opened her clinic for the Indians and kept her office hours as she had done in former years, she could not hope to live more than one year. We took the matter to the Lord and sought His will. To Mrs. Dale it seemed unmistakable. She had seen so clearly the finger-pointing of the Spirit leading her to Indianland. The closed doors in Tampico, the appeal of the long neglected Indians, the golden opportunities for her clinic among the Indians, and the unmistakable urge of the Holy Spirit in her heart, constituted a call so loud and convincing that she felt that she could not turn back. The Lord would supply all her need, even strength for her body. The prophecy of the specialist giving her one year to live among the Indians was not fulfilled. For eleven years she received thousands and tens of thousands of patients in her clinic and did the most far-reaching work of all her career as medical missionary.

When Dr. Dale returned to Mexico in 1931, the writer met her in Valles, the nearest railroad station to Tamazunchale, about two days away on horseback. The Pan-American Highway was being built, but nothing more had been done at that time than to cut the right of way through the mountains and throw up the dirt for the bed of the road. Rains had come, and it is easy to imagine what kind of a road that must have been for an automobile. We hired a car and left Valles for Tamazunchale. Having traveled thir-

ty miles and having reached the little village of La Cuesta de Tancanhuitz, less than half way to our destination, we began meeting cars that had turned back. The drivers all shook their heads at us, saying at the same time that the road ahead was impassable and that we might as well turn back just as they were doing. We remembered on another trip over the same highway how we had seen a traveler in his car carrying six or eight strong Indians in order to push him out of holes of black, sticky mud. In this way he was able to make the trip of fifty miles. Even had we had the money to employ eight Indians to push us when needed, due to heavy rain days before our trip the road was far too bad and the mud too deep to expect men to pull the car out. Should we turn back as others were doing? The season of heavy rains was coming and there was little hope of any improvement on that road for months. Our alternative was to go that day or wait for many weeks. Our work at Tamazunchale was calling us. Would not the Lord who made the road through the Red Sea take us through, even though the axles of the car were dragging in the mud? The conviction gripped us that He was leading, and we pressed on and on. All along the way ahead cars were turning back. Our driver insisted that we return to Valles but we urged him on. And we prayed.

At last our car stopped, stuck fast in mud up to the axle. Just when our situation seemed most hopeless God was most active. A tractor came over the ridge. The driver, seeing our predicament, kindly offered to pull our car out of the mud hole and through the mud on beyond. When we reached the village of Huichihuayan, ten miles away, he told us that he would have to leave us and return to his place of work on the highway. He refused to take money for his help. From that point to Tamazunchale the road was in better condition, and thus our car reached headquarters before the

sun went down that afternoon. So far as we could learn, it was the only one that came through all that day. Shall we who believe our Bible call it a mere accident?

Our home is built on a high hill in Tamazunchale. We selected such a spot with the hope of finding a cool place. Our town is just a little above sea level and at the foothills of high mountains. In the summer the weather is extremely hot, reaching 110° in the shade. Then too, we hoped to escape as much as possible the constant invasion of malarial mosquitos which caused thousands of deaths annually in the tropics of Mexico. At first our main problem was how to get a water supply on such a high hill. To bore a well was out of the question on such an elevation. Most of the people of the town drank the water of the river nearby, but this we preferred not to do, knowing that on its course down from Mexico City it passed through towns and villages and thus furnished very appropriately the public garbage can of each. The only solution seemed to be to build a cistern in which to collect the rain water from the roof of our home. However, to do this would require fully two hundred and fifty dollars and we did not have that much money even for such an indispensable article as pure drinking water. Dr. Dale suggested that we pray the Lord to send us the necessary money for the cistern and we did at that very hour. Only we three — the Lord, Dr. Dale, and I — knew of that specific need. At that time all of our children were in the United States attending school. For fifteen days we prayed for this great need. At the end of that time a letter came from a very good friend, a prominent layman in South Carolina, in which was enclosed a check for two hundred and fifty dollars. He stated that he felt we had some special need of a personal character and that the Lord had led him to send the money. The same Lord who sent the ravens to feed Elijah as he

waited by the brook, had moved the heart of this kind friend to send us the money for the needed cistern.

However, the most outstanding monument to God's faithfulness in answering our prayers has to do with the mission work among the Indians. From the very beginning we have had to look to God to move the hearts of friends to send us funds with which to carry on the work. Our Foreign Mission Board and the Pioneer Mission Agency have been most sympathetic with our Indian work but they have not had funds to equip our mission and enable us to go on, evangelizing tribe by tribe. Daily we have kept our needs before God and He has never failed us. Funds have come month by month, bread enough and to spare. Buildings have been erected — missionary homes, the training school, the hospital, the church. Fifteen evangelists have been trained and sent out. They receive a living salary. Fifteen students are enrolled in the training school who are given room and board. Indian girls have been received into the dormitory prepared for them. Twenty-five are enrolled this year and all have to be given room and board. The gospel has been translated into the Aztec language and published. A printing press has been purchased, and thousands of tracts written in Spanish and Aztec are circulated by the evangelists. Ten foreign missionaries are associated in the work of the mission. Excepting the salary of Dr. Dale and the expenses of her hospital, which were paid during her lifetime by the Woman's Synodical of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church, all other expense indicated in the above list, as well as the general expense of the mission, have been met with funds that God has sent in answer to our prayers.

None of us claim to have a large amount of faith or power in prayer. His promises are clear and unmistakable. "Ask and ye shall receive." We claim to have asked, and He has been faithful to give.

Let it be emphasized again and again that Dr. Katherine Dale has had a large share, a very large share, in these answers to prayer that have been rehearsed. She was the one who was always ready to suggest prayer as the unfailing resource that would carry us safely and surely through any crucial test that had come upon us. So prevailing were her intercessions that those of us who were associated with her through the four decades of missionary endeavor feel that we could hardly have come safely through those crises and testings had she not been by our side. Her faith never faltered or failed. She prayed things through.

FELLOWSHIP WITH JESUS

*Long did I toil and found not rest;
 Far did I roam and found no lasting home.
 At last I sought them on His sheltering breast
 Who opens His arms and bids the weary come.
 With Him I found a home, a rest divine,
 And since then I am His and He is mine.*

S. D. GORDON, author of *Quiet Talks on the Christian Life*, has been the forerunner of Christ for many hearts. He has leveled down many hills of difficulty for those who would find the Lamb of God who takes away the sin of the world and who would be filled with His Spirit of fire that sanctifies and prepares for service. Through his writings runs a trumpet call to a personal fellowship with Jesus. At the door of every heart He knocks. He would enter as the Divine Guest and make the heart His home to enrich it with His intimate fellowship that brings days of heaven on earth. Dr. Gordon dwelt much on these truths. It was the mission of the *Quiet Talks* to call us back to this blessed revelation of the Gospel, that Christ dwells in the believing heart.

For nearly half a century Dr. Gordon traveled over our land and beyond the seas, teaching that Christ is in us, "the hope of glory." Dr. Dale read all his books and attended at least three conferences at which Dr. Gordon was one of the leading speakers — at Montreat; at All Healing Springs, and at Bonclarken, all in North Carolina. He made a very deep impression on her spiritual life. Through him the Spir-

it gave her a very real vision of the indwelling Christ and the glory of uninterrupted fellowship with that divine Guest. She came to visualize in large measure the prayer of Faber—

Christ as a Light
Illumine and guide me.
Christ as a Shield overshadow and cover me.
Christ be under me.
Christ be over me.
Christ be beside me
On the left hand and right.
Christ be before me, behind me, about me.
Christ this day be within and without me.

John's Gospel gave her constant inspiration in this quest for Jesus and His fellowship. Her Bible bears many pencil marks of verses that had led her deeper into this marvelous secret of nearness to Jesus. The picture of John leaning on the bosom of the Lord drew her like an all-powerful magnet. He lived close to the heart of the Savior. This ambition of John moved Dr. Dale with an unquenchable desire to get close to the Lord, "So close that closer we can not be." With double pencil marks she underscored the words of Paul where he wrote to his beloved Philippians that he had counted all things as loss, even his own legal righteousness which was the last thing that an orthodox Jew would surrender. Even that he esteemed as something to be thrown on the trash pile in order that he might know Christ, the power of His resurrection and the fellowship of His sufferings.

Very early in life the Lord began to prepare Dr. Dale for this fellowship with Him. During her childhood days her conscience was exceedingly tender and sensitive to right and wrong. She often told how when still a small child she had played some trick, as she called it, on some girl friend. Later when she had given her conduct a more serious reflection she feared that what she had done might have displeased her

Lord. The mere thought of the possibility of such a thing would cause her to lie awake at night and weep for hours.

This tender hunger for communion with Jesus brought her to a great crisis at the age of fourteen years. It was customary for a visiting minister to come, at the invitation of the pastor, and preach for several days and nights to the congregation preparatory to the celebration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper on Sabbath. These special services were held several times during the year in the church at Troy. On this occasion Dr. J. C. Galloway, pastor of the congregation at Louisville, Georgia, was the visiting minister. Dr. Galloway was a man of extraordinary pulpit gifts and had the rare capacity of making gospel truth so simple that all could understand. Like the great Spurgeon he was given much to monosyllabic words in his pulpit ministry. To him had been given the happy faculty of being able to take a short text of the Scriptures and to make it stand out in such a striking fashion that the interest of the listeners was arrested at once and sustained throughout the sermon. The writer heard Dr. Galloway preach a sermon more than forty years ago on the text, "Behold the man," the words of Pilate. Four decades have not taken the impression of that day from the storehouse of memory.

That Sabbath morning at Troy, Dr. Galloway took for his text that little epigrammatic verse of the parable of the Ten Virgins: "The Door Was Shut." He dwelt at length on the glory of the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. Believers had come up out of great tribulation, through furnace fires heated "seven times hotter than was wont." They had washed their robes soiled and stained by sin, and had made them white in the blood of the Lamb. They had heard His "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of the Lord." Then he called attention to Him who was the

center of this heavenly group. It was the transfigured Christ whose glory eclipsed the light of the midday sun. He had promised that those believing in Him would drink of those rivers of divine fellowship even to the point that they would never thirst any more. Now they had passed beyond the land of faith and had seen Him as He is. Then Dr. Gallo-way turned the picture to its dark side. Without the festive hall there was darkness that would never come to the light of morning, gnawing hunger that would never be satisfied, suffering that would never find its solace, weeping that would never find the comfort of the Father God who longed to wipe tears from their eyes. To make the darkness blacker the door was shut. For those without there never was to be a ray of hope.

Little Katherine saw the danger of her position. She loved Jesus but she had never made a definite surrender of her heart to Him. She had never met the Lord face to face as did Paul on the road to Damascus, nor had she come to the place where like Paul she could say, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" She loved Him but had never come to His feet with the attitude of Thomas, "My Lord and my God." She thus felt that should He come that day to gather His children into the clouds to share the joys of the Marriage Supper of the Lamb, she would be left on the outside and the door for her would be shut. The fear that she might be separated from Him Who is the image of the glory of God the Father came over her that Sabbath morning like a pall of midnight darkness. When the service was over, she went home and shut herself up in her room. Down by the bedside she knelt and definitely gave her heart to Christ. She presented her body to be the temple for His indwelling, holy, acceptable to God, as her reasonable service. It was a definite transaction; and if we may judge by the characteristic earnestness of her subsequent life, we may well believe that

on that Sabbath noon in the quiet of her room she told the Master, if not in words at least in substance,

*Laid on Thine Altar, oh my Lord divine,
Accept my sacrifice this day for Jesus' sake.
I have no gifts to adorn Thy shrine,
Nor world-famed sacrifice to make.
But here within my trembling hand
This will of mine I bring,
A thing that seemeth small.
But thou, oh Lord, dost understand
How when I yield this, I yield my all.*

From that sacred hour she had just one passion and it was Jesus and Him alone. For her Master she had a holy jealousy that made her guard for Him the very first place in her heart and life of service. He and He alone should sit on the throne of her life. He would hold the reins that would control all the capacities of head, heart, and hand.

Most literally did she interpret the words of Jesus when he reminded His disciples that those who would follow Him fully should love Him more than father, mother, sister, wife, husband, and even life itself. Her native gifts and charming personality attracted young men with offers of love but to all of them she turned a deaf ear, without exception. She feared that she might allow human affections to take the supreme place which she had given to her Lord.

This resolution called for a sacrifice that is multiplied tenfold when we recall how she loved human fellowship. She had a social bent and was most happy when surrounded by her circle of friends. Human love was very sweet to her, yet she laid even this on the altar because she believed that by so doing she might give to Jesus a larger place in her heart and life. To this noble purpose she held fast and went to the mission field determined to live the single life. It was only after she had reached the mission field that God revealed to

her that her ministry would be more effective otherwise. She brought into the new relationship a wealth of affection most tender and enriching. Her fellowship with Christ was for her a well whose waters of joy never failed her, and there came a companionship into the new human relation which brought keenest joy to both of us.

The devotion to Christ and unceasing fellowship with Him revolutionized her prayer life. Moses knew God face to face. Abraham talked to God as a friend talks to a friend. Dr. Dale learned to pray in much the same way. She did not pray to a God like Baal who had gone afar off to sleep nor to a God who had placed His children in a system of iron-clad laws and left them to its merciless demands. She learned that she did not have to ascend into the high heavens to bring Christ down to her side. He was nigh her, even in her heart of hearts. He, the Comforter, was to her the One ever present to help her.

Horace Bushnell went to the woods seeking health. A friend visited him and they walked to the hills to pray. The friend said that as Bushnell prayed somehow he brought God so near that the friend was afraid to stretch out his hand lest he touch God. Dr. Dale prayed that way. Stereotyped phrases and routine words had no place in her talk with her Savior. He was her Father and she was His child. He loved her and she knew it. She loved Him and her prayers breathed the simplicity of a little child.

*And evermore beside me on the way
The Unseen Lord doth move
That I may lean upon His arm and say,
Dear Lord, dost Thou approve?*

This devotion to her Lord had severe tests. It was a dark hour when the Lord took our little Katherine, our baby girl

of five summers. She was the apple of her mother's eye. She bore her mother's name. All day she held to her mother's apron strings. When she could not follow her into the clinic, she would sit by the door and wait for the last patient to leave. She went with her mother to make her visits in the afternoon. Like all parents we thought she was the sweetest little curly-haired girl in all the world. One day little Katherine was playing with her little friends in the back yard of our home. They had built a fire (without our knowing it) and were making mud pies. Suddenly her little dress caught fire. Frightened and screaming she ran to the house for mother. Dr. Dale heard in her clinic the cry of pain and ran to the back door just in time to see little Katherine enveloped in flames. With her own hands she extinguished the flames but not until little Katherine was so fatally burned that she lived only twenty-four hours. Dr. Dale's hands were badly burned. Those twenty-four hours passed like years. Earnestly we prayed that she might be spared, but the great Shepherd had other plans for little Katherine. He took her to that land where fires never burn and no goodbyes are ever said.

We thought of the mother and wondered how we might comfort her. When little Katherine closed her little eyes, we took the other children into our bedroom for prayer. We reminded the Lord that at the very hour of her birth we laid her on the altar and asked Him to let her be His forever and to work His good pleasure in her. He had given; He had taken away; Blessed be His name. It was the mother's time to pray. With a calmness and self-control that never halted one moment nor gave place to weeping, she prayed and talked to Jesus. She seemed to be looking right into the face of the Lord through tears. Simply and quietly, she told the Master how this stroke was like a dagger that had

gone deep into her heart. She had been dreaming of the fellowship and comfort that her little Katherine would give her when the older children had grown up and had gone; but she added that she had always given Him the first place in her heart and still she wanted Him to have that place. What He had done was perfectly all right with her. She could trust her baby girl in His loving arms. "Even so, Father, for it seemeth good in Thy sight." We arose from that talk with the Lord and went about the duties of that sad day, making the necessary preparations for the funeral service. It was rare, very rare, to see a tear fall from Dr. Dale's eyes. It was an object lesson that the native believers will never forget.

Another test of loyalty and devotion to the Lord came to her. It was related to the work to which she had given her life. Former chapters tell of the havoc wrought by the Madero revolution among the mission churches on the Gulf Coast. The entire country along the Coast was overrun by the bandit element and all the churches went down. Only the two churches in the city of Tampico were left. For two years the field was left without missionary supervision. During this time the two churches fell victims to the nationalistic spirit that was sweeping over the world. It was inspired by not a little of communism. The two churches advised the Home Board that they had withdrawn from their mother church and would not welcome missionaries coming to their field. Yet the Board was sending the Dales to Tampico to open another mission there and organize other churches up and down the Coast. For it was self-evident that the two struggling churches in Tampico could not evangelize that wide field.

A farewell service was held in the church of Chester, South Carolina, on the eve of our departure for the mission



*Rebecca, Mrs. Dale's assistant
in Tamazunchale*



*Mrs. Dale and her granddaughter,
Katherine (1941)*

field (May, 1919). The conditions surrounding the mission work about Tampico was known throughout the home church. At the farewell service a prominent layman and warm friend of the Dale family made an address in which he expressed his conviction that the Dales should not go to a field where they were not welcome. Other friends shared the same conviction. This feeling was accentuated by the fact that two years before, the new laws had declared that foreign missionaries might not direct religious services in that land. And in addition to these things, ninety-five per cent of the population was Roman Catholic; and, to be sure, they would not welcome the missionaries.

Dr. Dale was by nature friendly and loved her friends. And to labor in a field where the prevailing sentiment was hostile to her and her family was anything but inviting. The situation brought us face to face with the question: Why had we volunteered to go to the foreign mission field? What had been our all-determining motive? It goes without saying that the condition of the non-Christian world had excited our compassion. The physical suffering and spiritual destitution had stirred us deeply. But we felt, as all missionaries feel, the urge of a deeper motive.

Jesus' command was unmistakable: "Go and teach all nations"; and His further word was just as clear: "If ye love me, keep my commandments." If we would be loyal to Him, we must go and take the gospel whether men will hear or whether they will forbear. "Recall the twenty-one years. Give me all its experiences. Give me the shipwrecks. Give me its standing in the face of death. Give me being surrounded with savages armed with spears and clubs. Give me spears flying at me and clubs knocking me to the ground. Give all this back and I will still be your missionary." And

why did James Chalmers say that? It was his devotion to His Lord and loyalty to His last command. And it was this same spirit that stirred Dr. Dale to go to the Tampico field even though she might be persona non grata. It was His will and wish, and for her that was the final word. On the front page of her Bible she carried for years the words of Frederick Budlong, "Things terrible and things splendid, disaster and triumph, belong to the child of the King of Kings. Because you are the King's son or daughter, entrusted with His business, your lot can not be easy or commonplace. Look up into your Father's face and rejoice to fight and suffer and win for HIM. When you see life's trials from this standpoint, there is a fierce joy in bravely and gladly enduring all that comes."

Sir Walter Scott, in his *Lady of the Lake*, tells how Roderick Dhu called the priest of the clan and told him to make ready an emblem which would rally all the faithful members from their slumber. He quickly cut and shaped a cross from a slender tree. He dipped the tips of this cross in fire, then in the blood of a goat. With this symbol he would rally the dead from their graves. Over that strange cross he mumbled a prayer and gave it to the messenger who should take it to every member of the clan. They must answer that call though it cost sweat, blood, tears, and death. The chosen youth took the cross and on his errand went with the swiftness of the deer over hills and dales. He came to the hut of Duncraggers where the son and mother were weeping over the bier of Duncan. The son looked at the messenger and knew that he had been chosen to take the cross and bear it on and on. He clasped his mother in one last sad embrace. He took one last look upon the face of his dead father. "Then like an arrow shot from its bow he was gone. Over winding brooks, rugged paths, and high hills he sped

calling plowmen from their furrows, huntsmen from their chase, and weavers from their looms to heed the sacred call of the cross dipped in blood and fire."

Those of us who have traveled along the way with Dr. Dale for more than two score years bear willing testimony to her loyalty to the Christ and His holy Cross which calls us all to a worldwide evangelism. Like the son in Scott's poem she placed loyalty to her Lord far above all human relationships. She received the message of the cross dipped in the blood of the sacrificial Lamb and the fire of the Holy Spirit. She counted not her life as dear unto herself that she might finish her course with joy and the ministry that she had received of the Lord to testify to the gospel and grace of God.

*I said, "Let me walk in the fields."
He said, "No, walk in the town."
I said, "There are no flowers there."
He said, "No flowers, but a crown."*

*I said, "But the skies are black,
There is nothing but noise and din;"
And He wept as he sent me back;
"There is more," he said, "There is sin."
I said, "But the air is thick,*

*And fogs are veiling the sun."
He answered, "Yet souls are sick,
And souls in the dark undone."
I said, "I shall miss the light,
And friends will miss me, they say."
He answered, "Choose tonight
If I am to miss you, or they."*

*I pleaded for time to be given.
He said, "Is it hard to decide?
It will not seem hard in Heaven
To have followed the steps of your Guide."*

*I cast one look at the fields,
Then set my face to the town;
He said, "My child, do you yield?
Will you leave the flowers for the crown?"*

*Then into His hand went mine;
And into my heart came He;
And I walk in a light divine,
The path I had feared to see.*

—GEORGE MACDONALD

SUNSET

*Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.*

*But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.*

*Twilight and evening bell
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.*

*For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.*

—ALFRED TENNYSON

FOR eighteen months Dr. Dale had been a great sufferer. Her heart trouble had brought on a shortness of breath that was so acute at times that she could not sleep more than one or two hours at night. At such times she was unable to lie down. However, in spite of her suffering and weakness she continued to go to her clinic each day until the last week before she was taken to the hospital in San Antonio, Texas. Our nearest American physician was located in Mexico City, two hundred and thirty miles away, but she could not be taken there for treatment because of the high

altitude. Thus during these days of intense suffering she was of necessity her own physician.

She had long prayed that she might be restored to complete health in order to carry on her work for the relief of her Indians. But she soon saw that it was not His will that she should regain her health. With the keen insight which had always characterized her diagnosis, she saw clearly her symptoms and recognized that it was the beginning of the end. Only then was she willing to be taken to a hospital. Then, as always, she was willing for His blessed will to be done. I was at her bedside all through those sleepless days and nights, and never did I hear from her lips one word that might indicate that God's will was not her will. Even when she had prayed so earnestly that the Lord would give back her health for the sake of her Indians, she always closed with the words of the Master when He prayed in the garden of Gethsemane, "Not my will but Thine be done." When it seemed beyond question that her work on earth was done, she would add, "Even so, Father, for it seemeth good in Thy sight."

She reached the Nix Hospital in San Antonio, May the fifteenth, 1941, and spent two weeks there. These days were made up largely of Bible reading and prayer. Her Bible and pencil were always on the little table within arm's length. Dr. Lila Bonner Miller, Dr. Dale's niece who lives in San Antonio, often visited her aunt and later wrote of her in these words, "As I sat and looked at her capable hands so evidently soon to be at rest, to keep tears from my eyes I picked up her Bible and turned listlessly through it. There, underscored, were all the words that referred to healing and beside them the letter 'H'. The New Testament of hers was marked on nearly every page. Then I remembered what she had said about 'the poor Indians and their great need'."

During these last days Dr. Dale prayed much for her Indians, mentioning many by name. She remembered in her prayers the different mission stations of our field and the various difficulties which we had encountered in the gospel work. Fully conscious of the great need of the Indian and of her healing ministry in their behalf, her prayers were intensely earnest. She knew that soon she would be leaving them and she prayed for the Indian with a feeling of those who are saying goodbye to some beloved friend and are loath to let go the hand touch.

Two of the children could not be with her in the hospital. Jesse M. Dale, whom she had not seen in eight years, was teaching in Bogota, Colombia, and was not able to come due to the distance. Mrs. S. B. L. Penrose, Jr., was ill in a hospital in New York City. Her other daughter, Dr. Belle Poole of El Dorado, Arkansas, and her other son, John T. Dale of Tamazunchale, were with her in the hospital. However, after the first two days Dr. Dale seemed to improve, and at the advice of the doctor both son and daughter returned to their respective homes. The writer was with her through the two weeks until she passed away.

Dr. Dale's last Sabbath, May 25, 1941, was a memorable day there in the hospital. The Gospel speaks of the last days of the Son of Man which seem to imply that they were outstanding days for Him. This last Sabbath was a day of days both for Dr. Dale and for those who were at her bedside.

On that day she did not seem to be losing ground. Indeed, the attending physician said that there was no need to send for her daughter or for her son who had just returned to look after the mission work in Indianland. However, Dr. Dale looked farther into the future than did her kind physician. Doubtless she had a presentiment of what was not far ahead. She asked for a special night nurse. She did not say why. She talked little about her going, which was so

characteristic of her. She knew how burdened were the hearts of those about her, and why should she add anything to the load already so very heavy? It had been her royal rule of life to be always ready for the personal return of the Lord, and now that she was to go to Him there was no need of any special preparation on her part. John Wesley was once asked what he would do if he knew that day was his last on earth. His reply was that he would seek to live just as he had on other days. He would fill that day with intense service and keenest joy as on any other day. This was also the ideal of Dr. Dale. Her last day on earth would be like any other days of heaven upon earth.

That last Sabbath was a blessed day. We two had our quiet hour together just as we had done for two score years. At ten o'clock that morning we remembered that all over our Indian field the believers were gathering for the Sabbath school hour, and we joined them in prayer. At eleven o'clock the hospital radio brought the church service of the First Presbyterian Church of the city. That morning the pastor, Dr. P. W. Miller, was speaking to a body of military cadets on the text, "Moreover it is required that a steward be found faithful." Little did the pastor know that he was sounding that morning for the patient in the hospital a most significant note, for Dr. Dale had been faithful in her service on the mission field. Modesty was one of her charming virtues. She shunned the limelight. She did not shout from the housetops what she had done for the Lord and for the Indians; but now looking out into the white light that beats about His throne and seeing things as they are seen from the heavenly hilltop, she knew that she had done her best. She had been faithful. Ruskin says that great souls know that they have done something worth while but they do not expect others to fall down and worship them for having done their best. Dr. Dale knew in her heart that she was soon go-

ing to meet her Lord and that she had been faithful to Him. She was beginning to reap something of that sweet consciousness which brought light and glory to that dungeon in Rome and enabled Paul to say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing." Her face that always wore perpetual sunshine seemed to take on an added glory during that last Sabbath. It was the deep joy that she had fulfilled her ministry. He was going to say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord." Something of this anticipation Dr. Dale must have felt that Sabbath morning as Dr. Miller spoke to his hearers concerning faithfulness in the service of the Lord.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Charles Fuller, of Los Angeles, broadcast his regular Old Fashioned Revival Hour. Over our radio in Indianland we had so often tuned in to this gospel hour. As always, Mr. Fuller's message was helpful and the songs were most uplifting. Among the songs which were sung was one which Dr. Dale loved best, "Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me," and how appropriate that message of song was for her that afternoon.

*Jesus, Savior, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass came from Thee;
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.*

*As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boist'rous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.*

*When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot Thee."*

Later in the day over the radio came a message from Dr. George W. Truett of Dallas, Texas. Those who have heard this great minister of the South can appreciate just what a message he brought our sufferer in the hospital that day and that hour.

It was a Sabbath never to be forgotten, a foretaste of that Sabbath she would spend in the Father's house where she would see Him face to face. She would wear the white robe made whiter than snow in the blood of the Lamb, bear the palms of victory, sing the songs of Moses and the Lamb, worship in the temple not made with hands and whose light is God the Lord. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death nor sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

Tuesday morning early Dr. Dale went into a comatose condition from which she never came back. She died at nine a. m., May 28, 1941. Her daughter and son reached her bedside after she had passed away. It had always been Dr. Dale's wish to be buried in the little graveyard of Tamazunchale by the side of her beloved Indians. She believed that the Lord Jesus Christ would come down through the clouds in person, just as the angels said that He would, and would raise from the dead those who had died in the faith and with them gather in the clouds all those living ones who had believed in Him. She wanted to go up with her Indian brothers and sisters, but the Lord had other plans for her.

Owing to legal restrictions it was impossible to take her body back to Tamazunchale, as was requested by her devoted

Indians. It was decided to take her to Oak Hill, Alabama, to be laid at rest by the side of the writer's father and mother. We left San Antonio with her body for Alabama over the Southern Pacific Railroad, and what memories it stirred in the hearts of the husband, daughter, and son! It was over this same railroad that she with the writer and children had frequently come home from the mission field on furlough, coming home to see father, mother, and friends. Dr. Dale loved her old home and could never talk about the place of her childhood without a lump in her throat and a tear in her eye. On these furloughs she traveled with the keen joy of a college girl going home for vacation to be with father, mother, and other members of the family. So very often the family in the home on the mission field would relive those happy days when we were going back to the old homes to see the beloved, whose presence made those places so sacred to us all. Once again we were going back but she was not with us. Now she was with Him in glory. She now had seen father, mother, sisters, brother and little Katherine. For her there would be no more furloughs, no more sleepless nights, and no more words of farewell.

The funeral service was held in the Oak Hill Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church at eleven a. m., May 30, 1941. It was conducted by Dr. John R. Edwards of Monticello, Arkansas, who had been associated for many years with the Dale family in mission work in Rio Verde. He was assisted by the Rev. Calvin Smith, pastor of the congregation, and by Dr. L. I. Echols of Kings Mountain, North Carolina. The Oak Hill choir sang two of Dr. Dale's favorite psalms, "The Lord Is My Shepherd" and "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep," the latter of which was sung forty years before at the funeral of her sister, Mrs. O. Y. Bonner.

The Rev. R. C. Kennedy of Camden, Alabama, closed the service with the following prayer:

"Almighty God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the God of Mercies, and the Father of Comfort, it is with bowed and burdened hearts that we come before Thee today. Yet our hope is in Thee. To whom shall we go at such an hour but to Thee alone? Thou hast the words of Eternal Life.

"Grant unto us, we beseech thee, the comforting and guiding presence of Thy Holy Spirit this day as we are met for this tender and sad service.

"We acknowledge Thee as the Great and Sovereign God, as the One Who doest Thy will in the Army of Heaven and among the inhabitants of earth. There is none who can stay Thine hand and none who can say unto Thee, 'What doest Thou?' In Thy hands are the issues of life and the hour of death. So, gracious Lord, while we come in sorrow, and while we are unable to understand this discipline of Thy Providence, we nonetheless still trust Thee, and ask for the grace to say, 'Thy Will be done.' Help us in this present darkness of our understanding to walk by faith, believing that Thou doest all things well, even those things which are beyond our comprehension.

"Remember, we earnestly beseech Thee, those who sorrow, these members of the immediate family and of the family group. They are Thy people, Lord. Grant unto them Thy peace and Thy comfort. Give to them Thy grace and strength. Fulfil Thine ancient promise, 'Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted.' Be very near to them today and in all the days that lie ahead. In all hours of their loneliness and sorrow let the memory of this wife and mother be an everlasting benediction to them. Remember in Thy love and mercy the husband and the children, we pray. Lord, our hearts also go out in sympathy to that great circle of friends and acquaintances who knew and loved her. We remember before Thee all those in this land and in Mexico whose hearts are sad today at her passing. Have mercy upon

all in this great loss that we have suffered, and sanctify this bereavement to the blessing of Thy people, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

"Yet, our Father, while we wait before Thee in sorrow we also come this day with gratitude in our hearts, yea, even with proudness and joy over the great Christian life and service of Thy departed servant. We thank Thee today for her life. We thank Thee that it was spared so long, that it was so fruitful to God, that it was so gracious and beautiful. We are grateful for that host of memories that wells up in the hearts of those who know and loved her so intimately. We thank Thee for all good deeds she did in her lifetime of good deeds, and for all kind words she spoke in a lifetime of kind words. We thank Thee for her earnest, consecrated life which she lived for others, in the name of Jesus our Savior. We thank Thee for this great and beautiful life which Thy handmaiden found by losing her own life.

"We are particularly grateful for her unselfish giving of herself as a medical missionary. We think this morning of her Christ-like ministry of healing through the years, of those thousands whose sufferings she eased, whose lives she saved, and whose hearts she turned toward the Savior. We contemplate with awe and reverence today the goodness and fruitfulness and unselfishness of this great Christian life. We are grateful for what she had done in the name of Christ.

"We think, too, Gracious Lord, of those who will miss her. We remember those among whom she labored in Mexico. We pray for them. We pray for her work there. We pray that it may not long be without other ministering servants of Christ to continue that which she did. Raise up others, we beseech in the name of Christ, to meet the need that she met, and to continue the work she did.

"Remember our Church today, in the great loss it has suffered, we pray.

"Again we remember before Thee the bereaved family. Be merciful to and bless and help each member of it, we pray.

"We thank Thee that ours instead of being a hopeless sorrow, is one of great hope. We rejoice today in the blessed hope that is born of Thy resurrection victory. May it be our comfort and stay.

"And now, Lord, we leave her with Thee, until the night is past, and with the morn those angel faces smile which we have loved long since and lost a while. We mourn her in sorrow, but we thank Thee for her life, and for her present triumph.

"Lord, bless us and have mercy upon us, through Jesus Christ our Lord. AMEN."

ENVOI

“**W**HAT you are speaks so loudly I can not hear what you say,” wrote Emerson. Scores of books have been written, seeking to interpret for us the spirit of the God-man, Christ Jesus. They have dwelt much on His unfathomable love that constrained Him to forsake the fellowship of the Father and bear the burden of our iniquity, suffering the infinite ill desert of sin. They have written of His amazing humility that moved Him to empty Himself of divine glory and become the poorest of the poor, even washing the feet of the disciples. They reminded us of His holiness so perfect that hostile critics have never been able to point out one error in word or deed during all those thirty-three years. What power was His! And patience and tenderness. Yet when all has been said about our adorable Lord, still we feel that somehow the best has been left unsaid. What He is speaks so loudly that we can not hear what others say to us about Him. Gather up all the splendid commentaries, interpretations and eulogies that have been written; and still Christ is infinitely more than all these. Lifeless words can not tell the glory of the matchless Man of Galilee.

The same thing has been true of all great souls who have followed hard in the footsteps of our Lord. It was predominantly true of the life which we have sought to interpret in these pages. What she was speaks more loudly than what is said about her.

For two score years we have traveled side by side along the pilgrim way. The path has led us through storms and through sunshine, through darkness and through light. Together we have walked over the high hills of difficulty and through the deep valleys of discouragement. With us there has ever been Another Whose form has been like to the Son of God. We have come to know each other as we know our very selves. With this intimate knowledge of Dr. Dale I have sought very earnestly to interpret her life and work. Her life has been traced all the way from her home in Troy, South Carolina, where as a little child she played dolls about the big oaks in the yard. An effort has been made to tell how in the morning of her life she prayed very earnestly, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" And with a meaning that became more eloquent through the passing years, she really did what He wanted her to do. She labored to "stand perfect and complete in all the will of God." We have followed her labors on the tablelands of Mexico, on the coast, and in Indianland where she brought healing and comfort to diseased and broken bodies, led countless souls to the feet of the Great Shepherd, and wrought with a consuming zeal that did not spare self at all. We have told how her splendid medical skill and tenderness of hand and heart dispelled so effectively the mists of doubt and fanaticism that at all times raise a barrier between missionary and native peoples. We have followed her to that sad day when she fell asleep in Jesus in the hospital in San Antonio. With all this, however, we feel that we have not painted the picture as it really was. She was far better than anything that we have said. What she was speaks so loudly that we do not hear what has been said.

Her patients will long remember her clinic where she gave them relief from pain and sent them again into life with a song of gratitude in their hearts. Mothers will long remem-



James, Katherine and John Dale



The last resting place (Oak Hill, Alabama)

ber those sweet words of comfort which healed their hearts that bled over daughters, sons, and unfaithful husbands. They can never forget those kind words and fervent prayers made in their behalf in her private office. Countless souls will never forget the stirring messages from her burning heart at conventions, conferences, and in churches, which moved them to resolute purpose to go or help others go with the Gospel of Christ to the Regions Beyond. Though all these may one day be lost in the storehouse of memory, still Dr. Dale will long, long be remembered for what she was. Forgotten may be her words and what she did, but never shall we forget what she was. We shall remember the Christ we saw so vividly revealed in her.

When Dr. Dale finished her course of study as student and interne in the medical school and hospital, she called on Dr. J. R. Miller to tell him goodbye. He had been her spiritual adviser and had illuminated so many dark places on her spiritual path during those five years. Now that she was leaving for the mission field he gave her a parting message which she often quoted: "Katherine, you are going to a land where your Christ and mine is not known and loved as Mediator and Savior. They do not know Him because they do not read the Bible in which is revealed His love, glory, and saving work. To them it is a closed book to be hated and burned. They will not read your Bible and mine, but they are going to read you. Your daily life will have a message for them. I charge you, dear girl, live the Christ life. Let Christ live in you — body, soul, and spirit. When they read your life, may they see in miniature the beautiful life of Christ. Live the Christ life." Those words were like letters of fire written across the sky of her life. That farewell message was never forgotten. That noble counsel was closely followed. Truly her life was an epistle of Christ which all could read. For to her to live was Christ.

An artist had finished his masterpiece. He had done his very best to put on canvas the face of Jesus. It was truly a thing of beauty. There shone the glory of God in the face of the Christ. The artist longed to hang his picture where multitudes might see that face of the lowly yet divine Son of God. He hit upon a novel plan. He hung the picture high up on the vaulted ceiling of the cathedral. Then he placed a mirror in the floor directly under. Around the large mirror a balustrade was placed for protection. The passing crowds were thus able to see in the mirror the reflection of the exquisite beauty of the face located high above.

The Lord has gone to heaven and can not be seen by mortal eye. He has left on earth lives which serve as mirrors in which the world can see His transcendent beauty. Dr. Dale was one of those mirrors. In her transparent life and ministry the world saw the glory of Him who was the image of the Father. She was a bright and shining light that caught its luster from Him who is the Light of the world. By the grace of God she was what she was, an epistle of Christ known and read of many.

APPRECIATION

“GOODNIGHT, Goodnight,
Above our sorrows,
Comrade, Thine is the fair tomorrow,
In that far luminous land of light
Take this Farewell,
Love's last token.
We leave thee to thy rest unbroken,
God have thee in His care,
Goodnight.”

—MRS. SALLIE MILLER BRICE

“As a missionary Dr. Katherine Neel Dale occupied such an indispensable place among us, as regards both genuine hard work and good counsel, that I do not know how we shall carry on without her on the mission field.”—PROFESSOR W. C. HALLIDAY, Missionary to Mexico.

“Miss Kate, as we knew her, will have many stars in her crown of rejoicing. She deserved to enter into that rest after long years of active service and self-denial for sick and suffering souls.”—DR. I. N. KENNEDY, Pastor, Mooresville, North Carolina.

“Wonderfully gifted was she for her ministry of mercy: in heredity, in general education, in technical training, in human compassion, and in human love. One can hardly imagine a missing quality that might have added to the effi-

ency of her medical ministry.”—*Associate Reformed Presbyterian*.

“As co-workers we shall miss her cheerful and inspirational presence, her counsel and judgment which were excellent and accurate, as were her professional opinion and determinations. In all she sought and obtained divine guidance and blessing.”—MISS MACIE STEVENSON, Late Missionary to Mexico.

“She was used of our Savior to wipe away the tears from many eyes and turn sorrow into joy in many troubled lives. She lived the Christ life and radiated the companionship of the Savior whom she so deeply loved. She looked with intense longing for His glorious appearing.”—MISS JANIE LOVE, Missionary to Mexico.

“When I remember the things for which I am most thankful in my life, I name the blessing of fellowship with Mrs. Katherine Neel Dale. . . . Her life just radiated the Lord Jesus and His glory. She has been one of the greatest inspirations that has ever come into my life.”—MISS ESTHER SWIGART, Department of History, Girard College, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

“We rejoice that God gave Dr. Katherine Neel Dale to us for so long a period of noble Christian service and she remained so active to the end. In my memory I see her with that love light in her eyes as she spoke of ‘my poor Indians’ and referred particularly to one who had gone to be with Jesus. She said, ‘She will be waiting for me’.”—MRS. G. L. KERR, President, Woman’s Synodical.

“Highly educated as well as deeply spiritual, her presence was always a deep joy to all. It is my conviction that it

would be well nigh impossible to find one who excelled her in Christian love, in strenuous service, in outstanding deeds, and in her saintly life. Above all the things that we her friends best remember, is her devotion to the Lord Jesus Christ.”—REV. ENOC BUTRON, Pastor, Tampico, Mexico.

“We do not know of anyone outside of our own family whose home-going we have felt so keenly. Her life was so full of tender love for others, with never a thought of herself. Most consuming was her devotion to the great command to go to the Regions Beyond to make Jesus known. We do thank God for every remembrance of Dr. Katherine Neel Dale.”—MR. AND MRS. H. T. PATTERSON, Columbia, South Carolina.

“I cannot recall when I first met Dr. Katherine Dale; but from the very first time I came to know her, I loved her and her great work for the Lord. My husband was a close student of human nature; and when he first met her, he said to me that she had the finest face he had ever seen. ‘She is a good woman,’ he said, ‘and her face shows her true greatness.’ All those who knew her thought the same of her.”—MRS. JUANITA GARRISON, Gastonia, North Carolina.

“She had a most gracious personality, which is one of heaven’s rare gifts. The little children were attracted to her as if by magic, and when she spoke they literally hung on her words. She must have been like real sunshine in the sickroom where she ministered to both body and soul. She was indeed a bright and shining light to many, many sufferers as she eased their pains and pointed so many of them to the Lord who healeth all our diseases.”—MRS. ELLA GOODING, Winnsboro, South Carolina.

"When she was in my home she always made me feel that I was nearer to Jesus than ever before. She was so full of the love of Jesus and yet so humble with it all. She was such a wonderful worker for the Lord. She inspired us to do better work for the Master, and her Christ-like life drew us all into closer fellowship with the Lord Jesus. Her life was so radiant with the beauty of Christ that it was a benediction to have her in our home for a while."—DR. E. C. DRAFFIN, Columbia, South Carolina.

"I came to know her first as a student in the Woman's College of Due West, South Carolina. Later we were more intimately associated on the mission field and learned to love her with a devotion that has grown with the years. In her personal life as well as in her medical ministry, she was actuated by the highest Christian principles. I found myself leaning ever on her as a devoted friend and co-worker for the Lord. She was a Spirit-directed physician, and all recognized her as most competent. To a rare degree she lived the life hid with Christ in God."—MRS. J. R. EDWARDS, Monticello, Arkansas.

"I shall always be a better man for having known Dr. Katherine Dale. I thank the Lord for the privilege of having been in her mission home in Indianland where I saw her life and work. There I saw something of the depth of her consecration, the sublime height of her faith, the contagion of her enthusiasm, her great love for the Indians, and her burning devotion to her Lord and His work. She gave me a living example of missionary method, progress, approach, and a spirit that leaves a water mark in my spiritual experience." — DR. J. MERLE DAVIS, Secretary, International Missionary Council, New York.

"Doctorecita of Mexico — I shall always remember Dr. Katherine Neel Dale like that. She was indeed a doctor of sick bodies, sick hearts, and sick souls. She gave herself till it hurt but worked right on and on. She showed what elastic sympathy and genuine love can do. I saw keen intelligence, scientific skill, a heart full of Christian love. All these were intent on making the world a better and more cheerful place for the underprivileged classes, and she was ready at any time to give more in answer to a plea for more help."—MISS OLIVE FLOYD, Boston, Massachusetts.

"What joy must have filled heaven when Dr. Katherine Dale reached the Father's Home. I can almost see happy faces peering through the gate eager to welcome her. There were those whom she had showed the way, her beloved ones, and little Katherine so radiantly beautiful and without a scar. Waiting for her was her Savior whom she had so valiantly served: with outstretched hands He said, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant. . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord'."—MRS. R. L. ROBINSON, Due West, South Carolina.

"She was, as it seemed to me, one of those rarely gifted persons, the very richness and diversity of whose endowment make of life an exceedingly difficult and sometimes a poignant problem of fulfilment. And this even after the cross of Christ has been accepted as the one key to the solution. She had brains which to us lawyers connotes superior intelligence, plus the inner drive to exercise and use it. Along with these, she had those higher, spiritual qualities of personality which would have enabled her to achieve success in almost any field of work in the world."—JUDGE J. H. MARION, Charlotte, North Carolina.

"In the death of Dr. Katherine Neel Dale, our mission has suffered what seems to us an irreparable loss. To great numbers and to an unusual degree throughout the home church and in Mexico, there will be a sense of personal loss and sorrow. She had a rare combination of deep spirituality, warm human understanding, sympathy, unfailing cheerfulness and vivacity that invariably won her way into the hearts of those who knew her. With whole-hearted consecration she threw herself into her work. Her medical skill brought relief to many, many suffering ones. Her radiant personality and great courage gave hope to the downcast and commended the gospel of Christ to her patients."—COMMITTEE, Foreign Mission Board, Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church.

"Mrs. Dale had a rare and radiant spiritual personality. Such a real faith in the Lord and such a sense of His presence I had never seen before in the life of any person I had ever known until I met her. It was a great experience in my life when I came to know her for the first time when she was home on furlough and was visiting in her home church of which I was pastor at that time. She literally radiated Christ and brought Him near and made Him real to every one with whom she came in contact. To know her, therefore, was to be blessed in a rich, spiritual way, and one went out from her presence with Christ real to him, and determined to pray more, to know his Bible better, to work harder, and to give his Lord control of his life."—DR. C. BYNUM BETTS, Pastor, Clinton, South Carolina.

"Dr. Katherine Dale was a great missionary because she was a great Christian. She was a great Christian because her fine natural gifts were thoroughly trained and dedicated to the Lord and diligently used in His service. She did things heartily as unto the Lord. In the best sense she was intensely

human. Her heart was tender, her sympathies were deep and wide. She rejoiced with those that rejoiced and wept with those who wept. Her spirit was vibrant. Her piety was vital. Her character was radiant with the spirit of holiness. Christ lived in her. Therefore her touch brought healing to both body and soul. Wherever she went she brought His cheering and comforting presence. From her personality shone His glory, and blessed results followed to suffering humanity." — DR. G. G. PARKINSON, Due West, South Carolina.

"From my childhood days the name of Katherine Neel Dale has been to me the synonym of glorious living. I had the opportunity of visiting Mexico and spending several days in the home of Dr. Katherine Dale. I saw there at first hand her deep love as it expressed itself in her daily life and her ministry to the sick. To me she seemed to have one supreme desire, and that was to lift up by life and by ministry the Lord Jesus. This she did by answering the cries of need that came to her every day from the poor Indians. She sought to heal and restore, to give counsel as to health and the divine life, to comfort and sustain. Throughout her long ministry she seemed to seek always to heal their suffering bodies and bring the sin-sick souls to know Jesus as their Savior." — MRS. EMMA REID ECHOLS, Lesslie, South Carolina.

"She was a really great missionary. I knew her best as a mother in her home. I have seen her return from a busy morning in her clinic, and at the door of her home she seemed to have left all the problems that she had found in her hospital. And she became again the happy, companionable, sympathetic mother. She understood so well the problems that beset youth and was able to provide such whole-

some and elevating amusements for her own children as well as for other young men and women. I shall never forget her prayers. She led me so near to the throne of grace, so near to God. I loved her for her loveliness. I loved her because she was the one who first awakened in me the desire to be a missionary."—MRS. FLORA HARPER HALLIDAY, Rio Verde, Mexico.

"My mother died when I was a child, and Aunt Kate almost seemed to fill a mother's place when she was there with us. Her interest in what we were doing and her tender kindness drew me close to her, and I loved her dearly. Her religion was not of the long-faced variety; rather she was bright and cheerful at all times. In the letters that came to me from her from time to time, she wrote as if she were writing to her own children, and how I did prize those letters. She always reminded me that I was being remembered in her prayers. Her influence has meant a great deal in my life, and her passing has left a void that can not be filled."—PROFESSOR JAMES N. BONNER, Due West, South Carolina.

"She was one of the most beautiful Christians we have ever known. To know her was to love her. So joyful, so earnest, and so Christ-like was she that it was always a great joy for us to have her in our home. She carried sunshine into every life she touched. Her face ever shone with a beautiful light that we always felt came from her close walk with her Master whom she so devotedly loved. Her life was so full and active for the Lord and the suffering ones, and yet she got so much out of life. Her laughter was music to us. And yet with all her joy, she was so quick to hear the call of the sick and suffering. It was so easy to see her great love for the Christless crowds, but very specially she seemed to love those whom she called her 'poor Indians.' And how faithfully she did serve them. Her life has been a great

blessing to us.”—DR. AND MRS. C. B. DRAFFIN, Columbia, Carolina.

“Dr. Katherine Dale was a truly great woman. Her natural gifts were extraordinary. Her attainments in the Christian life were even greater. Her cheerfulness was unfailing and contagious. Deeply conscious of the tragedy of the world lost in sin and suffering, she always met people with a smile. She loved fun. No child could have entered more fully into tobogganing one night when snow had fallen on the hills of Virginia. Great was her medical skill but more outstanding was her faith in Christ. Many came into her clinic hopeless and sick of heart but by her touch went away rejoicing in the joy of restored health and the glory of the Christ life in the heart. She could move an audience in a most wonderful way, and very specially when she was pleading for the lost, shepherdless sheep so far away from the fold of Christ. Many will not soon forget how she moved them to tears at Bonclarken as she pleaded for her poor Indians.”—DR. L. I. ECHOLS, Kings Mountain, North Carolina.

“When word came that Dr. Katherine Dale had gone to be with the Lord, with hundreds of others I wondered at the Providence of God in taking away one who seemed more richly endowed for effective service than almost anyone in all Mexico. In all the mission fields of the world are women medical missionaries who have been used of God in utterly exceptional ways. Dr. Dale was one of those exceptional missionaries. There was her deep love for the Indians that led her to weep for them in their great needs. With her earnest compassion, there was ever the joy of the Lord. There was in her life that rare combination of gifted intelligence and a true self-effacing humility. It has not been at all surprising that a brilliant secular writer would want to

get out a popular biography of Dr. Katherine Neel Dale, who had done on the mission field such a wonderful work that her life and work would stand out among the great physicians of the world. Her lovely and gracious qualities will bear fruit through all eternity."—DR. R. C. McQUILKEN, President, Bible College, Columbia, South Carolina.

THE END

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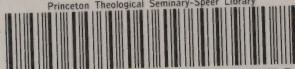
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